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Pr

THE
Dramatick WORKS
OF
William Shakespear.
VOLUME II.

Containing the Six following PLAYS, *viz.*

- I. MACBETH, a Tragedy.
 - II. OTHELLO, Moor of VENICE, a Tragedy.
 - III. The first Part of HENRY IV. with the Humours of Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.
 - IV. TITUS ANDRONICUS, a Tragedy.
 - V. MEASURE for MEASURE, a Comedy.
 - VI. The LONDON PRODIGAL, a Comedy.
-

L O N D O N :

Printed by R. WALKER, Printer of *Shakespear's*,
and all the other ENGLISH PLAYS, at *Shakespear's*
Head in Turn-again-Lane, Snowhill.

M D C C X X X I V .

THE

NEW YORK

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OF

LONDON

OF

MICROFILM

Print

MACBETH;
A
TRAGEDY.

As it is Acted at the
THEATRES.

By SHAKESPEAR.



L O N D O N :

Printed by R. WALKER, at *Shakspear's-Head*, in
Turn-again Lane, by the *Ditch-side*.

M DCCXXXIV.

Dramatis Personæ.

DUNCAN, *King of Scotland.*

Malcolm, }
Donalbain. } *Sons to the King.*

Macbeth, }
Banquo. } *Generals of the King's Army.*

Lenox, }
Macduff, }
Ross, } *Noblemen of Scotland.*
Menteth, }
Angus, }
Cathness, }

Fleance, *Son to Banquo.*

Seyward, *General of the English Forces.*

Young Seyward his Son.

Seyton, *an Officer attending on Macbeth.*

Son to Macduff.

Doctor.

Lady Macbeth.

Lady Macduff.

Gentlewomen attending on Lady Macbeth.

Hecate, and three other Witches.

Lords, Gentlemen, Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

The Ghost of Banquo, and several other Apparitions.

SCENE *in the End of the fourth Act lies in
England, thro' the rest of the Play in
Scotland, and chiefly at Macbeth's Castle.*

*Suppos'd to be true History; taken from Hector
Boetius, and other Scottish Chroniclers.*



MACBETH.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An open Heath.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter Three Witches.

FIRST WITCH.



WHEN shall we three meet again?

In Thunder, Lightning, or in Rain?

2 *Wit.* When the Hurly-burly's done,
When the Battles lost and won.

3 *Wit.* That will be ere Set of Sun.

1 *Wit.* Where the Place?

2 *Wit.* Upon the Heath.

3 *Wit.* There I go to meet *Macbeth*.

2 *Wit.* I come, I come,

Grimalkin?

2 *Wit.* *Paddocke* calls——anon!

All. Fair is Foul, and Foul is Fair,
Hover thro' Fog and filthy Air.

[They rise from the Stage, and Fly away.]

SCENE II. A Palace.

Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox, with Attendants, meeting a bleeding Captain.

King. **W**HAT bloody Man is that? He can Report,
As seemeth by his Plight, of the Revolt,
The newelt State.

6 *The Tragedy of MACBETH.*

Mal. This is the Serjeant,
Who like a good and hardy Soldier fought
Gainst my Captivity. Hail, hail, brave Friend!
Say to the King, the Knowledge of the Broil,
As thou didst leave it.

Cap. Doubtful long it stood;
As two spent Swimmers that do cling together,
And choak their Art: The merciless *Macdonel*
(Worthy to be a Rebel, for to that
The multiplying Villanies of Nature
Do swarm upon him) from the western Isles
Of *Kernes* and *Gallow-glasses* was supply'd,
And Fortune on his damned Quarry smiling,
Shew'd like a Rebel's Whore But a too weak:
For brave *Macbeth* (well he deserves that Name)
Disdaining Fortune, with his brandisht Steel
Which smok'd with bloody Execution,
Like Valour's Minion carved out his Passage,
Till he had fac'd the Slave,
Who ne'er shook Hands nor bid farewell to him,
Till he unseam'd him from the Nave to th' Chops,
And fix'd his Head upon our Battlements.

King. Oh valiant Cousin! worthy Gentleman!

Cap. As whence the Sun * gives his Reflection,
Shipwrecking Storms and direful Thunders † break;
So from that Spring whence Comfort seem'd to come,
Discomfort swell'd. Mark, King of *Scotland*, mark;
No sooner Justice had, with Valour arm'd,
Compell'd these skipping *Kernes* to trust their Heels,
But the *Norwegian* Lord surveying Vantage,
With surbisht Arms and new supplies of Men
Began a fresh Assault.

King. Dismay'd not this
Our Captains *Macbeth* and *Banquo*.

Cap. Yes,
As Sparrows Eagles, or the Hare the Lion.
If I say Sooth, I must report they were
As Cannons overcharg'd with double Cracks,
So they redoubled Strokes upon the Foe:
Except they meant to bathe in reeking Wounds,
Or memorize another *Galgotha*,

I can-

* gins.

† breaking.

The Tragedy of MACBETH. 7

I cannot tell——

But I am faint, my Gashes cry for Help——

King. So will thy Words become thee as thy Wounds :
They smack of Honour both. Go, get him Surgeons.

Enter Rosse and Angus.

But who comes here ?

Mal. The worthy *Thane* of *Rosse*.

Len. What Haite looks thro' his Eyes ?

So should he look, that seems to speak Things strange.

Ros. God save the King.

King. Whence cam'st thou, worthy *Thane* ?

Ros. From *Fife*, great King,

Where the *Norwegian* Banners flout the Sky,
And tan our People cold.

Norway himself, with Numbers terrible,

Affisted by that most disloyal Traitor

The *Thane* of *Cawdor*, 'gan a diuinal Conflict ;

'Till that *Bellona's* Bridegroom, lapt in Proof,

Confronted him with Self-comparisons,

Point against Point, rebellious Arm 'gainst Arm,

Curbing his lavish Spirit. To conclude,

The Victory fell on us.

King. Great Happiness.

Ros. Now *Sueno*, *Norway's* King, craves Composition :

Nor would we deign him buriel of his Men,

'Till he disburs'd, at *St. Colmes-kill-Isle*

Ten thousand Dollars to our general Use,

King. No more that *Thane* of *Cawdor* shall deceive

Our Bosom int'rest. Go, pronounce his Death,

And with his former Title greet *Macbeth*.

Ros. I'll see it done.

King. What he hath lost, noble *Macbeth* hath won.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The Heath.*

Thunder. Enter the three *Witches.*

1 *Wit.* Where hast thou been, Sister ?

2 *Wit.* Killing Swine.

3 *Wit.* Sister, where thou ?

A 4

1 *Wit.*

8 *The Tragedy of* MACBETH.

1 *Wit.* A Sailor's Wife had Chestnuts in her Lap,
And Mouncht, and Mouncht, and Mouncht. Give me
quoth I.

* Aroint thee, Witch, the rump-fed Ronyon cries.
Her Husband's to *Aleppo* gone, Master of the *Tiger* :
But in a Sieve I'll thither Sail,
And like a Rat without a Tail,
I'll do—— I'll do—— and I'll do.

2 *Wit.* I'll give thee a Wind.

1 *Wit.* Thou art kind.

3 *Wit.* And I another.

1 *Wit.* I myself have all the other,
And the very † Points they blow,
All the Quarters that they know,
I' th' Ship-man's Card---
I will drain him dry as Hay ;
Sleep shall neither Night nor Day
Hang upon his Pent-house Lid ;
He shall live a Man forbid ;
Weary Sev'nights, Nine times Nine,
Shall he dwindle, peak and pine :
Tho' his Bark cannot be lost,
Yet it shall be Tempest-tost.
Look what I have.

2 *Wit.* Shew me, shew me.

1 *Wit.* Here I have a Pilot's Thumb,
Wrackt as Homeward he did come. (*Drum within.*)

3 *Wit.* A Drum, a Drum !

Macbeth doth come !

All. The wayward Sisters, Hand in Hand,
Posters of the Sea and Land,
Thus do go about, about,
Thrice to thine, and Thrice to mine,
And Thrice again to make up Nine,
Peace, the Charm's wound up.

S C E N E I V.

Enter Macbeth and Banquo, with Soldiers and other Attendants.

Mac. So foul and fair a Day I have not seen.

Ban.

* *Aroint*, or *Avaunt*, be gone.

† *Ports.*

The Tragedy of MACBETH. 9

Ban. How far is't call'd to || *Foris*---What are these?
So wither'd, and so wild in their Attire?
That look not like Inhabitants of Earth,
And yet are on't? Live you, or are you ought
That Man may Question? You seem to Understand me,
By each at once her choppy Finger laying
Upon her skinny Lips.-----You should be Women,
And yet your Beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Mac. Speak if you can; what are you?

1 *Wit.* All hail, *Macbeth!* Hail to thee *Thane* of
Glamis!

2 *Wit.* All-hail, *Macbeth!* Hail to thee, *Thane* of
Cawdor!

3 *Wit.* All-hail, *Macbeth!* that shall be *King* here-
after.

Ban. Good Sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair? I th' Name of Truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed [To the Witches.
Which outwardly ye shew? My noble Partner
You greet with present Grace, and great Prediction
Of noble Having, and of royal Hope,
That he seems rapt withal; to me you speak not.
If you can look into the Seeds of Time,
And say which Grain will grow and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your Favours nor your Hate.

1 *Wit.* Hail!

2 *Wit.* Hail!

3 *Wit.* Hail!

1 *Wit.* Lesser than *Macbeth*, and greater.

2 *Wit.* Not so Happy, yet much happier.

3 *Wit.* Thou shalt get Kings, tho' thou be none;
All hail! *Macbeth* and *Banquo*.

1 *Wit.* *Banquo* and *Macbeth*, All-hail!

Mac. Stay, you imperfect Speakers, tell me more;
By † *Sinel's* Death I know I'm *Thane* of *Glamis*;
But how of *Cawdor*? The *Thane* of *Cawdor* lives,
A prosp'rous Gentleman; and to be *King*,
Stands not within the Prospect of Beliet,

A 5

No

|| *Soris.*

† *The Father of Macbeth.*

10 *The Tragedy of* MACBETH.

No more than to be *Cawdor*. Say from whence
You owe this strange Intelligence? Or why
Upon this blasted Heath your stop our Way
With such prophetick Greeting? — Speak I charge you.

[*The Witches vanish.*]

Ban. The Earth hath Bubbles, as the Water has;
And these are of them: Whither are they vanish'd?

Mac. Into the Air: and what seem'd Corporal,
Melted, as Breath into the Wind —

Would they had staid!

Ban. Were such Things here, as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten of the insane Root
That takes the Reason Prisoner?

Mac. Your Children shall be Kings.

Ban. You shall be King.

Mac. And *Thane* of *Cawdor* too; went it not so?

Ban. To th' self-same Tune and Words; who's here?

S C E N E IV.

Enter *Rosse* and *Angus*.

Ros. The King hath happily receiv'd, *Macbeth*,
The News of thy Success; and when he reads
The personal Venture in the Rebels Fight,
His Wonders and his Praises do contend,
Which would be thine or his. Silenc'd with that,
In viewing o'er the Rest o' th' self-same Day,
He finds thee in the stout *Norwegian* Ranks,
Nothing afraid of what thyself didst make,
Strange Images of Death. As thick † as Hail,
Came Post on Post, and every one did bear
Thy Praises in his Kingdom's great Defence,
And pour'd them down before him.

Ang. We are sent,
To give thee from our Royal Master, thanks,
Only to Herald thee into his Sight,
Not pay thee.

Ros. And for an Earnest of a greater Honour,
He bad me from him, call thee *Thane* of *Cawdor*:
In which Addition, hail, most worthy *Thane*!
For it is thine.

Ban.

† *As tale*

Can Post with Post —

The Tragedy of MACBETH. II

Ban. What, can the Devil speak true?

Mac. The *Thane of Cawdor* lives;
Why do you dress me in his borrow'd Robes?

Ang. Who was the *Thane*, lives yet,
But under heavy Judgment bears that Life,
Which he deserves to lose. Whether he was
Combin'd with *Norway*, or did line the Rebel
With hidden Help and Vantage; or with both
He labour'd in his Country's Wrack, I know not:
But Treasons capital, confess'd, and prov'd,
Have overthrown him.

Mac. *Glamis*; and *Thane of Cawdor*! [Aside.
The greatest is behind. Thanks for your Pains.

[To Angus.
Do you not hope your Children shall be Kings?

[To Banquo.
When those that gave thee *Thane of Cawdor* to me,
Promis'd no less to them!

Ban. That trusted home,
Might yet enkindle you unto the Crown.
Besides the *Thane of Cawdor*. But 'tis strange:
And oftentimes, to win us to our Harm,
The Instruments of Darkness tell us Truths,
Win us with honest Trifles to betray us
In deepest Consequence.

Co sins, a Word I pray you. [To Rossie and Ang.

Mac. Two Truths are told, [Aside.
As happy Prologues to the swelling Act
Of the imperial Theam. I thank you, Gentlemen----
This Supernatural solliciting

Cannot be ill: Cannot be Good — if Ill,
Why hath it given me earnest of Success,
Commencing in a Truth? I'm *Thane of Cawdor*.
If Good; why do I yield to that Suggestion,
Whose horrid Image doth unfix my Hair,
And make my feated Heart knock at my Ribs,
Against the Use of Nature? Present Fears
Are less than horrible Imaginings.

My Thought, whose Murder yet is but fantastical,
Shakes so my single State of Man, that Function
Is smother'd in Surmise; and nothing is,
But what is not;

Ban.

12 *The Tragedy of* MACBETH.

Ban. Look how our Partner's rapt!

Macb. If chance will have me King, why chance
may crown me [Aside.

Without my Stir,

Ban. New Honours come upon him,
Like our strange Garments cleave not to their Mould,
But with the Aid of Use.

Macb. Come what come may,
Time and the Hour runs thro' the roughest Day.

Ban. Worthy *Macbeth* we stay upon your Leisure.

Macb. Give me your Favour: My dull Brain was
wrought

With Things forgot. Kind Gentlemen, your Pains
Are registred where every Day I turn

The Leaf to read them——let us tow'rd the King;
Think upon what hath chanc'd, and at more time.

[To Banquo.

(The Interim having weigh'd it,) let us speak
Our free Hearts each to other.

Ban. Very gladly.

Macb. Till then enough: come, Friends. [Exeunt.

S C E N E VI.

A Palace.

Flourish. Enter King, Malcolm, Donalbain, Lenox,
and Attendants.

King. Is Execution done on *Cawdor* yet?
Are not those in Commillion yet return'd?

Mal. My Liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one that saw him die, who did report
That very frankly he confess'd his Treasons,
Implor'd your Highness' Pardon and set forth
A deep Repentance; nothing in his Life
Became him like the Leaving it. He dy'd,
As one that had been studied in his Death,
To throw away the dearest Thing he ow'd,
As 'twere a careless Trifle.

King. There's no Art,
To find the Mind's Construction in the Face:

The Tragedy of MACBETH. 13

He was a Gentleman on whom I built
An absolute Trust.

Enter Macbeth, Banquo, Ross, and Angus.

O worthiest Cousin!

The Sin of my Ingratitude e'en now
Was heavy on me. Thou'rt so far before,
That swiftest Wind of Recompence is slow,
To overtake thee. Would thou'dst less deserv'd,
That the Proportion both of Thanks and Payment
Might have been mine! Only I've left to say,
More is thy Due, than more than all can pay.

Macb. The Service and the Loyalty I owe,
In doing it, pays it self. Your Highness' Part
Is to receive our Duties; and our Duties
Are to your Throne and State, Children and Servants;
Which do but what they should, by doing every Thing
Safe tow'rd your Love and Honour.

King. Welcome hither:

I have begun to plant thee, and will labour
To make thee full of Growing. Noble *Banquo*,
Thou hast no less deserv'd, and must be known
No less to have done so; Let me enfold thee,
And hold thee to my Heart.

Ban. There if I grow,
The Harvest is your own.

King. My plenteous Joys
Wanton in Fulness, seek to hide themselves.
In Drops of Sorrow. Sons, Kinsmen, *Thanes*,
And you whose Places are the nearest, know,
We will establish our Estate upon
Our eldest *Malcolm* whom we name hereafter
The Prince of *Cumberland*: Which Honour must
Not unaccompanied, invest him only,
But Signs of Nobleness like Stars shall shine
On all Deservers. ——— Hence to *Inverness*,
And bind us farther to you.

Macb. The rest is Labour which is not us'd for you;
I'll be my self the Harbinger, and make joyful
The hearing of my Wife with your Approach,
So humbly take my Leave.

King. My worthy *Cawdor*!

Macb. The Prince of *Cumberland*---that is a Step. On

14 *The Tragedy of* MACBETH.

On which I must fall down, or else o'er-leap, [Aside.
 For in my Way it lies. Stars hide your Fires,
 Let not light see my black and deep Desires;
 The Eye wink at the hand; yet let that be,
 Which the Eye fears when it is done, to see. [Exit.

King. True, worthy *Banquo*, he is full so valiant,
 And in his Commendations I am fed;
 It is a Banquet to me, let us after him
 Whose Care is gone before to bid us welcome:
 It is a peerless Kinsman. [Exeunt.

S C E N E VII.

An Apartment in Macbeth's Castle at Inverness.

Enter Lady Macbeth alone, with a Letter.

Lady. *THEY* met me in the Day of Success; and I
 have learn'd by the perfectest Report, they have more in
 them than mortal Knowledge. When I burnt in Desire to
 question them farther they made themselves Air, into
 which they vanish'd. While I stood rapt in the Wonder
 of it, came Missives from the King, who all-hail'd me
 Thane of Cawdor, by which Title before these wayward
 Sisters saluted me, and referr'd me to the coming on of
 time, with hail King that shalt be. This have I thought
 good to deliver thee (my dearest Partner of Greatness)
 that thou might'st not lose the Dues of Rejoicing by being
 ignorant of what Greatness is promis'd thee. Lay it to
 thy Heart, and farewell.

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor ----- and shalt be
 What thou art promis'd. Yet I fear thy Nature,
 It is too full o'th' Milk of human Kindness,
 To catch the nearest Way. Thou wouldst be great,
 Art not without Ambition, but without
 The Illness should attend it. What thou wouldst highly,
 That wouldst thou holily; wouldst not play false
 And yet wouldst wrongly win. Thou'dst have, great
 Glamis,

That which cries, "thus thou must do if thou have it";
 "And that which rather thou dost fear to do,

"Than

The Tragedy of MACBETH. 15

"Than wishest should be undone." Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my Spirits in thine Ear,
And chaſtiſe with the Valour of my Tongue
All that impedes thee from the Golden Round,
Which Fate and metaphyſic Aid doth ſeem
To have thee crown'd withal.

Enter Meſſenger.

What is your Tidings?

Meſ. The King comes here to-night.

Lady. Thour't mad to ſay it,
Is not thy Maſter with him? Who, wer't ſo,
Would have inform'd for Preparation.

Meſ. So pleaſe you, it is true: Our *Thane* is coming,
One of my Fellows had the Speed of him;
Who almoſt dead for Breath, had ſcarcely more
Than would make up his Meſſage.

Lady. Give him Tending,
He brings great News. 'The Raven himſelf is hoarſe,
[*Exit Meſ.*

'That croaks the fatal Entrance of *Duncan*
'Under my Battlements. Come all you Spirits
'That tend on mortal Thoughts, unsex me here,
'And fill me from the Crown to th' Toe, top-ful
'Of direſt Cruelty; make thick my Blood,
'Stop up th' Acceſs and Paſſage to Remorſe,
'That no Compunctions Viſitings of Nature
'Shake my fell Purpose, nor keep Peace between
'Th' Effect, and it. Come to my Woman's Breasts,
'And take my Milk for Gall, you murth'ring Miniſters!
'Where-ever in your fightleſs Subſtances
'You wait on Nature's Miſchief. Come, thick Night!
'And pall thee in the dunneſt Smoak of Hell,
'That my keen Knife ſee not the Wound it makes,
'Nor Heav'n peep through the Blanket of the Dark
'To cry, hold, hold.

Enter Macbeth.

Great *Glamis!* worthy *Cawdor!* [*Embracing him.*
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter!
Thy Letters have transported me beyond
This ign'rant preſent Time, and I feel now
The Future in the Inſtant.

Macb. Deareſt Love,

Duncan.

16 *The Tragedy of* MACBETH.

Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady. And when goes hence ?

Macb. To-morrow, as he purposes.

Lady. Oh never

Shall Sun that Morrow see !

Your Face, my *Thane*, is as a Book, where Men

May read strange Matters to beguile the Time.

Look like the Time, bear Welcome in your Eye,

Your Hand, your Tongue ; look like the innocent Flower,

But be the Serpent under't, He that's coming

Must be provided for ; and you shall put

This Night's great Business into my Dispatch,

Which shall to all our Nights and Days to come

Give solely sovereign Sway and Masterdom.

Macb. We will speak farther.

Lady. Only look up clear :

To alter Favour, ever, is to fear.

Leave all the rest to me.

[*Exeunt,*

S C E N E VIII.

The Castle-Gate.

Hautbois and Torches. Enter *King*, *Malcolm*, *Donalbain*, *Banquo*, *Lenox*, *Macduff*, *Ross*, *Angus*, and *Attendants*.

King. This Castle hath a pleasant Seat ; the Air
Nimble and sweetly recommends it self
Unto our gentle Senses.

Ban. This Guest of Summer,
The temple-haunting Mattlet, does approve,
By his lov'd Masonry, that Heaven's Breath
Smells wooingly here. No jutting Frieze,
Buttrice, nor † Coigne of Vantage, but this Bird
Hath made his pendant Bed, and procreant Cradle :
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd
The Air is delicate.

Enter *Lady*.

King. See see ! Our honour'd Hostess !
The Love that follows us, sometimes our Trouble,
Which still we thank as love, Herein I teach you,

How

† or, Corner, Fr.

The Tragedy of MACBETH. 17

How you should bid God eyld us for your Pains,
And thank us for your Trouble.

Lady. All our Service
(In every Point twice done, and then done double,)
Were poor and single Businets to contend
Against those Honours deep and broad, wherewith
Your Majesty loads our House. For those of old,
And the late Dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your Hermits.

King. Where's the *Thane of Cowder*?
We court him at the Heels, and had a Purpose
To be his Purveyor: But he rides well,
And his great Love, sharp as his Spur, hath holp him
To's home before us: Fair and noble Hostess,
We are your Guest to-night.

Lady. Your Servants ever
Have theirs, themselves, and what is theirs in compt
To make their Audit at your Highness' Pleasure,
Still to return your own.

King. Give me your Hand;
Conduct me to mine Host, we love him highly,
And shall continue our Graces towards him.
By your Leave, Hostess. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IX.

An Apartment.

Hautbois, Torches. Enter divers Servants with Dishes
and Service over the Stage. Then Macbeth.

Macb. If it were done, when 'tis done; then 'twere well
It were done quickly: if th' Assassination
Could trammel up the Consequence, and catch
With its Surcease, Success; that but this blow
† Might be the Be-all and the End-all— *Here,*
Here only on this Bank and School of Time,
We'd jump the Life to come— But in these Cases
We still have Judgment *here*, that we but teach

Bloody

† *The first of these Lines (which in the old Edition is totally different from all the others) and the latter (which is quite omitted in all the others) entirely restore this very obscure Passage to Sense, as will appear upon Comparison.*

18 *The Tragedy of* MACBETH.

Bloody Instructions, which being taught return
 To plague th' Inventor: Even-handed Justice
 Returns the Ingredients of our poison'd Chalice
 To our own Lips. He's here in double Trust:
 First, as I am his Kinsman and his Subject,
 (Strong both against the Deed) Then, as his Host,
 Who should against his Murth'rer shut the Door,
 Not bear the Knife my self. Besides this *Duncan*
 Hath born his Faculty so meek, hath been
 So clear in his great Office, that his Virtues
 Will plead like Angels trumpet-tongu'd against
 The deep Damnation of his taking off;
 And Pity, like a naked new-born Babe,
 Striding the Blast, or Heav'n's Cherubin hors'd
 Upon the sightless Couriers of the Air,
 Shall blow the horrid Deed in ev'ry Eye,
 That Tears shall drown the Wind. --- I have no Spur
 To prick the Sides of my Intent, but only
 Vaulting Ambition, which o'er-leaps it self,
 And falls on th' other —

S C E N E X.

Enter Lady.

How now? What News?

Lady. He's almost supp'd, why have you left the Chamber?

Macb. Hath he ask'd for me?

Lady. Know you not he has?

Macb. We will proceed no farther in this Business,
 He hath honour'd me of late; and I have bought
 Golden Opinions from all Sorts of People,
 Which should be worn now in their newest Glos,
 Not cast aside so soon.

Lady. Was the Hope drunk,
 Wherein you dress your self? Hath it slept since?
 And wakes it now, to look so green and pale
 At what it did so freely? From this Time,
 Such I account thy Love. Art thou afraid
 To be the same in thine own A&T and Valour,
 As thou art in Desire? Would'st thou have that
 Which thou esteem'st the Ornament of Life,

And

The Tragedy of MACBETH. 19

And live a Coward in thine own Esteem?
Letting *I dare not*, wait upon *I would*,
Like the poor Cat i'th' adage.

Macb. Pr'ythee, Peace?

I dare do all that may become a Man;
Who dares to more, is none.

Lady. What Beast was't then,
That made you break this Enterprize to me?
When you durst do it, then you were a Man;
And (to be more than what you were) you would
Be so much more the Man. Nor Time, nor Place
Did then cohere, and yet you would make both:
They've made themselves, and that their Fitness now
Do's unmake you. I have giv'n suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the Babe that milks me—
I would, while it was smiling in my Face,
Have pluckt my Nipple from his boneless Gums,
And dash't the Brains out, had I but so sworn
As you have done to this.

Macb. If we should fail?

Lady. We fail!

But screw your Courage to the sticking Place,
And we'll not fail. When *Duncan* is asleep,
(Whereto the rather shall this Day's hard Journey
Soundly invite him) his two Chamberlains
Will I with Wine and Wassel so convince,
That Memory (the Warder of the Brain)
Shall be a Fume, and the Receipt of Reason
A Limbeck only; when in swinish Sleep
Their drenched Natures lie as in a Death,
What cannot you and I perform upon
Th' unguarded *Duncan*? What not put upon
His spongy Officers, who shall bear the Guilt
Of our great Quell.

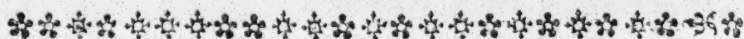
Macb. Bring forth Men-children only!
For thy undaunted Metal should compose
Nothing but Males. Will it not be receiv'd,
When we have mark'd with Blood those sleepy two
Of his own Chamber, and us'd their very Daggers,
That they have don't?

Lady. Who dares receive it other,
As we shall make our Griets and Ciamour roar,
Upon his Death?

Macb.

20 *The Tragedy of MACBETH.*

Mac. I'm Settled, and bend up
Each corp'ral Agent to this terrible Feat.
Away, and mock the Time with fairest show:
False Face must hide what the false Heart doth know.
[*Exeunt.*]



ACT II. SCENE I.

A Hall in Macbeth's Castle.

Enter Banquo, and Fleance with a Torch before him.

Ban. **H**OW goes the Night, Boy?
Fle. The Moon is down; I have not heard
the Clock.

Ban. And she goes down at Twelve.

Fle. I take't, 'tis later, Sir.

Ban. Hold, take my Sword. There's Husbandry
in Heav'n,

Their Candles are all out. — Take thee that too.
A heavy Summons lies like Lead upon me,
And yet I would not Sleep: Merciful Pow'rs!
Restrain in me the cursed Thoughts that Nature
Gives Way to in Repose.

Enter Macbeth, and a Servant with a Torch.

Give me my Sword: who's there?

Mac. A Friend.

Ban. What, Sir, not yet at Rest? The King's a-bed.
He hath to-night been in unusual Pleasure,
And sent great Largeness to your Officers:
This Diamond he greets your Wife withal;
By th' Name of most kind Hostess, and shut up
In measureless Content.

Mac. Being unprepar'd,
Our Will became the Servant to Defect,
Which else should free have wrought.

Ban. All's well.

I dreamt last Night of the three wayward Sisters:
To you they've shew'd some Truth.

Mac. I think not of them;
Yet when we can intreat an Hour to serve,
Would spend it in some Words upon that Business,

If

The Tragedy of MACBETH. 21

If you would grant the Time.

Ban. At your kind Leisure.

Mac. If you should cleave to my Consent, when 'tis,
It shall make Honour for you.

Ban. So I lose none

In seeking to augment it, but still keep
My Bosom franchis'd and Allegiance clear,
I shall be countell'd.

Mac. Good Repose the while !

Ban. Thanks, Sir ; the like to you. (Exit Ban.

* S C E N E II.

Mac. Go, bid thy Mistress, when my Drink is ready,
She strike upon the Bell. Get thee to Bed.

(Exit Servant.

Is this a Dagger which I see before me,
The Handle tow'rd my Hand? Come let me clutch
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still. (thee---

Art thou not, fatal Vision, sensible
To Feeling, as to Sight? Or art thou but
A Dagger of the Mind, a false Creation
Proceeding from the Heat-oppres'd Brain?
I see thee yet, in Form as palpable

As this which now I draw---

Thou Mar'hal'st me the Way that I was going,
And such an Instrument I was to use.

Mine Eyes are made the Fools o' th' other Senses,
Or else worth all the Rest--- I see thee still,

And on thy Blade and Dudgeon, * gouts of Blood
Which was not so before---There's no such Thing---

It is the bloody Business which informs

This to mine Eyes---Now o'er one half the World

Nature seems dead, and wicked Dreams abuse

The curtain'd Sleep; now Witchcraft celebrates

Pale Hecate's Offerings: And wither'd Murder,

(Alarm'd by his Centinel, the Wolf,

Whose Howl's his Watch) thus with his stealthy Pace,

With Tarquin's ravishing † Strides, tow'rd's his Design

Moves like a Ghost---Thou ‡ sound and firm set Earth,

Hear not my Steps, which Way they walk, for fear

Thy

* gouttes, or drops, Fr. † sides.

‡ sour, perhaps, sure.

22 *The Tragedy of* MACBETH.

Thy very Stones prate of my Where-about,
And take the present Horror from the Time,
Which now Suits with it---whilst I threat, he lives †——
[A Bell rings.

I go, and it is done; the Bell invites me,
Hear it not *Duncan*, for it is a Knell
That summons thee to Heaven, or to Hell. [Exit.

SCENE III.

Enter Lady.

Lad. That which hath made them drunk, hath made
me bold :

What hath quencht them, hath given me Fire. Hark
peace !

It was the Owl that shriek'd, the fatal Bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night---he is about it---
The Doors are open; and the forfeited Grooms
Do mock their Charge with Snores. I've drugg'd their
Poffets,

That Death and Nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.

Enter Macbeth.

Mac. Who's there? What ho?

Lad. Alack ! I am afraid they have Awak'd,
And 'tis not done; th' Attempt, and not the Deed
Confounds us---Hark!---I laid their Daggers ready,
He could not miss 'em---Had he not remembled
My Father as he Slept, I had don't---My Husband !

Mac. I've done the Deed---didst thou not hear a
Noise ?

Lad. I heard the Owls scream and the Crickets cry.
Did not you speak ?

Mac. When?

Lad. Now.

Mac. As I descended ?

Lad. Ay.

Mac. Hark!---Who lives i'th' second Chamber ?

Lad. *Donalbaine.*

Mac. This is a forry Sight. [Looks on his Hands.
Lad.

†—— he lives,

Words to the heat of Deeds too cold Breath gives,
I go, &c.

The Tragedy of MACBETH. 23

Lad. A foolish Thought, to say a sorry Sight.

Mac. There's one did laugh in's Sleep, and one
cry'd Murder,

'They Wak'd each other; and I stood and heard them;
But they did say their Prayers, and addrest them
Again to Sleep.

Lad. There are two lodg'd together.

Mac. One cry'd, God bless us, and Amen the other,
As they had seen me with these Hangman's Hands.
Lifting their Fear, I could not say Amen,
When they did say, God bless us.

Lad. Consider it not so deeply.

Mac. But wherefore could not I pronounce Amen?
I had most need of Blessing, and Amen
Stuck in my Throat.

Lad. These Deeds must not be thought,
After these Ways; so it will make us mad.

Mac. Methought I heard a Voice cry, Sleep no more!

Macheth doth murder Sleep. The innocent Sleep,*
The Death of each day's Life, fore Labour's bath,
Balm of hurt Minds, great Nature's second Course,
Chief nourisher in Life's Feast.

Lad. What do you mean?

Mac. Still it cry'd, Sleep no more, to all the House,
Glamis hath murder'd Sleep and therefore *Carvador*
Shall Sleep no more; *Macheth* shall Sleep no more!

Lady. Who was it that thus Cry'd? Why, worthy

Thane,

You do unbend your noble Strength, to think
So Brain-sickly of Things; go, get some Water,
And wash this filthy Witness from your Hand.
Why did you bring these Daggers from the Place?
They must lie there. Go, carry them, and smear
The sleepy Grooms with Blood.

Mac. I'll go no more;

I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again I dare not.

Lad. Infirm of Purpose!

Give me the Daggers; the Sleeping and the Dead

Are

*——innocent Sleep,

Sleep that knits up the ravel'd Sleeve of Care,
The Death of, &c.

24 *The Tragedy of MACBETH.*

Are but as Pictures; 'tis the Eye of Child-hood,
That fears a painted Devil. If he bleed,
I'll gild the Faces of the Grooms withal,
For it must seem their Guilt.

[Exit.

Knocks within.

Macb. Whence is that Knocking? [Starting.
How is't with me, when every Noise appalls me?
What Hands are here? Hah! they pluck out mine Eyes.
Will all great *Neptune's* Ocean wash this Blood
Clean from my Hand? No, this my Hand will rather *
Make the green Ocean red ———

Enter Lady.

Lady. My Hands are of your Colour; but I shame
To wear a Heart so white, I hear a Knocking [Knock.
At the South Entry. Retire we to our Chamber;
A little Water clears us of this Deed.
How easy is it then? Your Constancy
Hath left you unattended——hark, more knocking!

[Knock.

Get on your Night-gown, lest Occasion call us,
And shew us to be Watchers; be not lost
So poorly in your Thoughts.

Macb. To know my Deed?, 'twere best not know my
self.

Wake *Duncan* with this Knocking: Would thou couldst!

[Exeunt. †

S C E N E

* ——— will rather

Thy multitudinous Sea incarnadine
Making the Green one Red.

Enter Lady, &c.

† ——— would thou couldst!

S C E N E I V.

Enter a Porter,

[Knocking within.

Port. Here's a Knocking indeed: if a Man were Por-
ter of Hell-Gate, he should have Old turning the Key.
[Knock.] Knock, knock, knock. Who's there i'th'
Name of *Belzebub*? Here's a Farmer, that hang'd him-
self

The Tragedy of MACBETH: 25

SCENE IV.

Enter Macduff, Lenox, and Porter.

Macd. Is thy Master stirring?

— Our Knocking has awak'd him; here he comes.

Len. Good morrow, noble Sir.

B

Enter

self in the Expectation of Plenty: Come in time, have Napkins enough about you, here you'll Sweat for't.

[Knock.] Knock, knock. Who's there in th' other Devil's Name? Faith, here's an Equivocator, that could Swear in both the Scales against either Scale, who committed Treason enough for God's sake, yet could not Equivocate to Heaven: Oh come in Equivocator. [Knock]

Knock, knock, knock. Who's there? Faith, here's an *English* Taylor come hither for stealing out of a *French* Hole: Come in Taylor, here you may roast your Goose.

[Knock.] Knock, knock. Never at quiet! what are you? But this Place is too cold for Hell. I'll Devil-porter it no farther: I had thought to have let in some of all Professions, that go the Primrose way to th' everlasting Bonfire.

[Knock.] Anon, anon, I pray you remember the Porter.

Enter Macduff, and Lenox.

Macd. Was it so late, Friend, ere you went to Bed, That you do lie so late?

Port. Faith, Sir, we were Carousing till the second Cock: And Drink, Sir, is a great Provoker of three Things

[Macd. What three Things doth Drink especially provoke?

Port. Marry, Sir, Note-painting, Sleep, and Urine, Letchery, Sir, it provokes, and unprovokes; it provokes the Desire, but it takes away the Performance. Therefore much Drink may be said to be an Equivocator with Letchery; it makes him and it mars him; it sets him on, and it takes him off; it persuades him, and disheartens him; makes him stand to, and not stand to; in Conclusion, Equivocates him into a Sleep, and giving him the Lye, leaves him.

Macd. I believe Drink gave thee the Lye last Night.

Port. That it did, Sir, i' th' very Throat on me; but I requited him for his Lye, and I think, being too strong for him, tho' he took up my Legs sometime, yet I made a shift to cast him.

SCENE, &c.

26 *The Tragedy of MACBETH.*

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Good Morrow, both.

Macd. Is the King stirring, worthy *Thane*?

Macb. Not yet.

Macd. He did command me to call timely on him,
I've almost slipt the Hour.

Macb. I'll bring you to him.

Macd. I know this is a joyful Trouble to you:
But yet 'tis one.

Macd. The Labour we delight in, † *Physicks Pain*;
This is the Door.

Macd. I'll make so bold to call, for 'tis my limited
Service. [*Exit Macduff.*]

Len. Goes the King hence to Day?

Macb. He did appoint so.

Len. The Night has been unruly; where we lay
Our Chimneys were blown down: And, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' th' Air, strange Screams of Death,
And prophesying with Accents terrible
Of dire Combuitions, and confus'd Events,
New hatch'd to th' woful time:

The obscure Bird clamour'd the live-long Night.
Some say the Earth was Fev'rous, and did shake.

Macb. 'Twas a rough Night.

Len. My young Remembrance cannot parallel
A Fellow to it.

Enter Macduff.

Macd. O Horror! Horror! Horror!
Or Tongue or Heart cannot conceive, nor Name thee--

Macb. and Len. What's the Matter?

Macd. Confusion now hath made his Master-piece,
Most sacrilegious Murther hath broke ope
The Lords anointed Temple, and stole thence
The life o' th' Building.

Macb. What is't you say? The Life? ———

Len. Mean you his Majesty? ———

Macd. Approach the Chamber, and destroy your Sight
With a new *Gorgon*, Do not bid me speak;
See, and then speak yourselves: Awake! Awake!

[*Exeunt Macbeth and Lenox.*]

Macd. Ring the Alarm-bell--Murther! and Treason!

Ban.

† *Heals or cures Pain.*

The Tragedy of MACBETH. 27

Banquo, and Donalbain! Malcolm! awake!
Shake off this downy Sleep, death's Counterfeit,
And look on Death itself--up, up, and see
The great doom's Image! *Malcolm, Banquo:*
As from your Graves rise up, and walk like Sprights,
To countenance this Horror. Ring the Bell-----

SCENE V.

Bell Rings. Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady. What's the Business
That such an hideous Trumpet calls to parley
The Sleepers of the House? Speak.

Macd. Gentle Lady,
'Tis not for you to hear what I can Speak.
The Repetition in a Woman's Ear,
Would Murther as it fell.

Enter Banquo.

O Banquo, Banquo, our Royal Master's murder'd.

Lady. Woe, alas!
What, in our House?-----

Ban. Too cruel, any where.

Macduff, I prithee contradict thyself,
And say, it is not so.

Enter Macbeth, Lenox and Ross.

Macb. Had I but dy'd an Hour before this Chance,
I had liv'd a blessed Time: For from this Instant,
There's nothing serious in Mortality;
All is but Toys: Renown and Grace is dead;
The Wine of Life is drawn, and the mere Lees
Is left this Vault to bag of.

Enter Malcolm, and Donalbain.

Don. What is amiss?

Macb. You are, and do not know't:
The Spring, the Head, the Fountain of your Blood
Is stop't; the very Source of it is stop't.

Macd. Your Royal Father's Murder'd.

Mal. Oh, by whom?

Len. Those of his Chamber as it seem'd, had don't;
Their Hands and Faces were all badg'd with Blood,
So were their Daggers, which unwip'd we found
Upon their Pillows; they star'd, and were distracted,
No Man's Life was to be trusted with them.

28 *The Tragedy of* MACBETH.

Macb. O, yet I do repent me of my Fury,
That I did kill them——

Macd. Wherefore did you so?

Macb. Who can be wise, amaz'd, temp'rate and fu-
rious,

Loyal and neutral in a Moment? No Man.

The Expedition of my violent Love

Out-run the Pauſer, Reason. Here lay *Duncan*,

His ſilver Skin lac'd with his * goary Blood,

And his gash'd Stabs look'd like a Breach in Nature,

For Ruin's waſteful Entrance; there the Murderers,

Steep'd in the Colours of their Trade, their Daggers

Unmannerly breach'd with Gore: Who could refrain,

'That had a Heart to love, and in that Heart

Courage, to make's Love known?

Lady. Help me hence, ho! —— [*Seeming to faint*]

Macd. Look to the Lady.

Mal. Why do we hold our Tongues,

That moſt may claim this Argument for ours?

Don. What ſhould be ſpoken here,

Where our Fate hid within an Augre-hole,

May ruſh and ſeize us? Let's away, our Tears

Are not yet brew'd.

Mal. Nor our ſtrong Sorrow on

The Foot of Motion.

Ban. Look to the Lady; [*Lady Macbeth is carried on*]

And when we have our weak Frailties hid,

That ſuffer in Expoſure; let us meet,

And queſtion this moſt bloody-Piece of Work,

To know it farther. Fears and Scruples ſhake us:

In the great Hand of God I ſtand, and thence,

Againſt the undivulg'd Pretence I fight

Of treas'nous Malice.

Macb. So do I.

All. So all.

Macb. Let's briefly put on manly Readineſs,

And meet i'th' Hall together.

All. Well contented.

[*Exeunt*]

Mal. What will you do? Let's not comfort with them

To ſhew an unfehl Sorrow, is a Office

Which the falſe Man does eaſy. I'll to *England*.

* *golden.*

The Tragedy of MACBETH. 29

Don. To Ireland, I; our separated Fortune
Shall keep us both the safer; where we are,
There's Daggers in Mens Smiles: The near in Blood,
The nearer bloody.

Mal This murderous Shaft that's shot,
Hath not yet lighted; and our safest Way
Is to avoid the Aim. Therefore to Horse,
And let us not be dainty of Leave-taking,
But shift away; there's Warrant in that Theft,
Which steals it self when there's no Mercy left. [*Exeunt*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Rossè, with an old Man.

Old Man. Three-score and ten I can remember well,
Within the Volume of which Time, I've seen
Hours dreadful, and Things strange; but this fore Night
Hath trifled former Knowings.

Rossè. Ah, good Father,
Thou seest the Heav'ns as troubled with Man's Act,
Threaten his bloody Stage. By th' Clock 'tis Day,
And yet dark Night strangles the travelling Lamp:
Is't Night's Predominance, or the Day's Shame,
That Darkness does the Face of Earth intomb,
When living Light should kiss it?

Old Man. 'Tis unnatural,
Even like the Deed that's done. On Tuesday last,
A Falcon trowing in her Pride of Place,
Was by a mousing Owl hawk't at, and kill'd.

Rossè. And *Duncan's* Horses, a Thing most strange
and certain!

Beauteous and swift, the Minions of their Race,
Turn'd wild in Nature, broke their Stalls, flung out,
Contending 'gainst Obedience, as they would
Make War with Man.

Old Men. 'Tis said, they eat each other.

Rossè. They did so; to th' Amazement of mine Eyes,
That look'd upon't.

Enter Macduff.

Here comes the good *Macduff*.
How goes the World, Sir. now?

Macd. Why, see you not?

B 3

Rossè.

30 *The Tragedy of MACBETH.*

Ros. Is't known who did this more than bloody Deed!

Macd. Those that *Macbeth* hath slain.

Ros. Alas the Day!

What Good could they pretend?

Macd. They were Suborned;

Malcolm and *Donalbain*, the King's two Sons,
Are stol'n away and fled, which puts upon them
Suspicion of the Deed.

Ros. 'Gainst Nature still;
Thriftless Ambition, that will raven upon
'Thine own Life's Means, 'Tis most like
The Sovereignty will fall upon *Macbeth*?

Macd. He is already nam'd, and gone to *Scone*,
To be invested.

Ros. Where is *Duncan's* Body?

Macd. Carried to *Calmes-hill*,
The sacred Storehouse of his Predecessors,
And Guardian of their Bones.

Ros. Will you to *Scone*?

Macd. No, Cousin, I'll to *Fife*.

Ros. Well, I will thither.

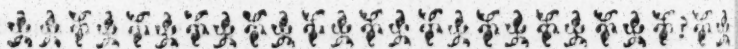
Macd. Well may you see, Things well done there;
adieu.

Let our old Robes fit easier than our new.

Ros. Farewel, Father.

Old M. God's Benison go with you, and with those
That would make good of bad, and Friends of Foes.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT III. SCENE I.

A Royal Apartment.

Enter Banquo.

THOU hast it now; King, *Cawdor*, *Glamis*, all
The wayward Women promis'd; and I fear
Thou plaid'st most foully for't: Yet it was said
It should not stand in thy Posterity,
But that myself should be the Root, and Father
Of many Kings. If there come Truth from them,
(As upon thee, *Macbeth*, their Speeches shint)
Why, by the Verities on thee made good,

May

The Tragedy of MACBETH. 31

May they not be my Oracles as well,
And set me up in hope? But hush, no more.
*Trumpets sound. Enter Macbeth as King, Lady Macbeth,
Lenox, Ross, Lords and Attendants.*

Macb. Here's our chief Guest.

Lady. If he had been forgotten,
It had been as a gap in our great Feast,
And all Things unbecoming.

Macb. To-night we hold a solemn Supper, Sir,
And I'll request your Presence.

Ban. Lay your Highness'
Command upon me, to the which my Duties
Are with a most indissoluble Tye
For ever knit.

Macb. Ride you this Afternoon?

Ban. Ay, my good Lord.

Macb. We should have else desired
Your good Advice (which still hath been both grave
And prosperous) in this Day's Counsel; but
We'll take To-morrow. Is it far you ride?

Ban. As far, my Lord, as will fill up the time
'Tixt this and Supper. Go not my Horse the better,
I must become a Borrower to the Night
For a dark Hour or twain.

Macb. Fail not our Feast.

Ban. My Lord, I will not.

Macb. We hear, our bloody Cousins are bestow'd
In England, and in Ireland, not confessing,
Their cruel Parricide, filling their Hearers
With strange Invention; but of that To-morrow;
When therewithal we shall have Cause of State,
Craving us jointly. Hie to Horse: Adieu,
'Till you return at Night. Goes Fleance with you?

Ban. Ay, my good Lord; our time doth call upon us.

Macb. I wish your Horses swift, and sure of Foot;
And so I do commend you to their Backs.
Farewel.

[Exit Banquo.

Let every Man be Master of his time
'Till seven at Night, to make Society
The sweeter welcome: We will keep ourself
'Till Supper time alone: 'Till then, God be with you.

[Exit Lady Macbeth. and Lords.

SCENE

32 *The Tragedy of MACBETH.*
S C E N E II.

Manent Macbeth and a Servant.

Sirrah, a Word with you : Attend those Men
Our Pleasure ?

Serv. They are my Lord, without the Palace-Gate.

Macbeth. Bring them before us ——— To be thus, is
nothing. [*Exit Serv.*]

But to be safely thus : Our Fears in *Banquo*
Stick deep, and in his Royalty of Nature
Reigns that which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he dares,
And to that dauntless Temper of his Mind,
He hath a Wisdom that doth guide his Valour
To act in Safety. There is none but he,
Whose Being I do fear : And under him,
My Genius is rebuk'd ; as it is said
Anthony's was by *Cesar*. He chid the Sisters,
When first they put the Name of King upon me,
And bad them speak to him ; then Prophet like,
They hail'd h'm farther to a Line of Kings.
Upon my Head they plac'd a fruitless Crown,
And put a barren Scepter in my Gripe,
'Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal Hand,
No Son of mine succeeding. If 'tis so,
For *Banquo's* Issue have I fill'd my Mind?
For them, the gracious *Duncan* have I murther'd ?
Put rancours in the Vessel of my Peace
Only for them ? And mine eternal Jewel
Giv'n to the common Enemy of Man,
'To make them Kings ? The Seed of *Banquo* Kings ?
Rather than so, come Fate into the List,
And champion me to th' Utterance ! ——— Who's there

Enter Servant and two Murtherers.

Go to the Door, and stay there till we call.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Was it not Yesterday we spoke together ?

Murth It was, so please your Highness.

Macb. Well then, now

You have consider'd of my Speeches ? Know
That it was he, in the Times past, which held you
So under Fortune, which you thought had been
Our Innocent self ; this I made good to you

In

The Tragedy of MACBETH. 33

In our last Conference, past in Probation with you :
How you were born in Hand, how crost ; the Instru-
ments,

Who wrought with them : And all Things else that might
To half a Soul, and to a Notion craz'd,
Say, thus did *Banquo*.

1 *Murth.* True you made it known.

Mac. I did so ; and went farther, which is now
Our Point of second Meeting. Do you find
Your Patience so predominant in your Nature,
That you can let this go ? Are you so gossell'd,
To pray for this good Man and for his Issue,
Whose heavy Hand hath bow'd you to the Grave,
And beggar'd yours for ever ?

1 *Mur.* We are Men, my Liege.

Macb. Ay, in the Catalogue ye go for Men,
As Hounds, and Greyhounds, Mungrels, Spaniels, Curs,
Showges, Water-Rugs, and demi-Wolves are clipt,
All by the Name of Dogs ; the valued File
Distinguishes the Swift, the Slow, the Subtle,
The House-keeper, the Hunter, every one
According to the Gift which bounteous Nature
Hath in him clos'd ; whereby he does receive
Particular Addition, from the Bill
That writes them all alike : And so of Men.
Now, if you have a Station in the File,
And not in the worst Rank of Manhood, say it ;
And I will put the Business in your Bosoms,
Whose Execution takes your Enemy off ;
Grapples you to the Heart and Love of us,
Who wear our Health but sickly in his Life,
Which in his Death were perfect.

2 *Mur.* I am one,
Whom the vile Blows and Buffets of the World,
Have so incens'd that I am *reckless what
I do, to spite the World.

1 *Mur.* And I another,
So weary with Disasters, tugg'd with Fortune,
That I would set my Life on any Chance,
To mend it, or be rid on't.

Macb.

* *careless.*

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Macb. Both of you
Know *Banquo* was your Enemy.

Mur. True, my Lord.

Macb. So is he mine : And in such bloody Distance,
That every Minute of his Being thrusts
Against my near't of Life; and though I could
With bare-fac'd Power sweep him from my Sight,
And bid my Will avouch it; yet I must not,
For certain Friends that are both his and mine,
Whose Loves I may not drop, but wail his Fall
Whom I my self struck down: And thence it is,
That I to your Assistance do make Love,
Masking the Business from the common Eye
For sundry weighty Reasons.

2 Mur. We shall, my Lord,
Perform what you command us.

1 Mur. Though our Lives ———

Macb. Your Spirits shi~~nk~~ through you. In this Heart
at most,

I will advise you where to plant your selves,
Acquaint you with the perfect Spy o'th Time,
The Moment on't, (for't must be done to-night,
And something from the Palace: and with him,
(To leave no Rubs nor Botches in the Work)
Fleance his Son that keeps him Company,
(Whose Absence is no less material to me,
'Than is his Father') must embrace the Fate
Of that dark Hour. Resolve your selves a-part,
I'll come to you anon.

Mur. We are resolv'd, my Lord.

Macb. I'll call upon you straight; abide within.
It is concluded; *Banquo*, thy Soul's Flight,
If it find Heav'n, must find it out to-night. [Exeunt

S C E N E III.

Enter Lady Macbeth, and a Servant.

Lady Is *Banquo* gone from Court?

Serv. Ay, Madam, but returns again to-night.

Lady Say to the King, I would attend his Leisure,
For a few Words.

Serv. Madam, I will.

Lady

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Lady. Nought's had, all's spent,
Where our Desire is got without Content :
'Tis safer to be that which we destroy,
Than by Destruction dwell in doubtful Joy.

Enter Macbeth.

How how, my Lord, why do you keep alone ?
Of sorriest Fancies your Companions making ?
Using those Thoughts, which should indeed have dy'd
With them they think on : Things without all Remedy
Should be without Regard ; What's done, is done.

Macb. We have * scotch'd the Snake, not kill'd it---
She'll close, and be her self ; whilst our poor Malice
Remains in Danger of her former Tooth.
But let both Worlds disjoint, and all Things suffer,
Ere we will eat our Meal in Fear, and sleep
In the Affliction of these terrible Dreams,
That shake us nightly. Better be with the Dead,
(Whom we, to gain our Place, have sent to Peace)
Than on the Torture of the Mind to lie
In restless Ecstasy. ----- Duncan is in his Grave :
After Life's fitful Fever, he sleeps well ;
Treason has done his Work ; nor Steel nor Poison,
Malice domestic, foreign Levy, nothing
Can touch him farther !

Lady. Come on ;

Gentle my Lord, sleek o'er your rugged Locks,
Be bright and jovial 'mong your Queens to night,

Macb. So shall I, Love ; and so I pray be you ;
Let your Remembrance still apply to Banquo.
Present him Eminence, both with Eye and Tongue :
Unsafe the While, that we must leave our Honours
In these so flatter'ing Streams, and make our Faces
Wizards our Hearts, disguising what they are.

Lady. You must leave this,

Macb. O full of Scorpions is my Mind, dear Wife !
Thou know'st that Banquo and his Fleance lives.

Lady. But in them, Nature's Copey's not eternal.

Macb. There's Comfort yet, they are assailable ;
Then be thou jocund. Ere the Bat hath flown
His cloyster'd Flight, ere to black Hecat's Summons
The shard-born Beetle with his drowsy Humors
Hath rung Night's yawning Peal, there shall be done

* scorb. to slash, hack, or cut.

A Deed

Lady,

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A Deed of dreadful Note.

Lady. What's to be done!

Macb. Be innocent of the Knowledge, dearest Chuck,
'Till thou applaud the Deed: Come fealing Night,
Skarf up the tender Eye of pitiful Day,
And with thy bloody and invifible Hand
Cancel and tear to Pieces that great Bond,
Whick keeps me pale! Light thickens, and the Crow
Make Wing to th' rooky Wood:
Good Things of Day begin to droop and drowze,
Whiles Night's black Agents to their Prey do rouze.
Thou marvell'ft at my Words; but hold thee still;
Things had begun, make ftrong themfelves by ill:
So prythee go with me. (*Exeunt.*)

S C E N E IV.

A Park, the Castle at a diftance.

Enter three Murtherers.

1 *Mur.* But who did bid thee join with us?

3 *Mur.* *Macbeth.*

2 *Mur.* He needs not to miftruff, fince he delivers
Our Offices, and what we have to do,
To the Direction juft.

1 *Mur.* Then ftand with us.

The Weft yet glimmers with fome Streaks of Day:
Now furs the † lated Traveller apace,
To gain the timely Inn, and near approaches,
The Subject of our Watch.

3 *Mur.* Hark, I hear Horfes,

Banquo within. Give us Light there, ho!

2 *Mur.* Then it is he: The reft
That are within the Note of Expectation,
Already are they i' th' Court.

1 *Mur.* His Horfes go about.

3 *Mur.* Almost a Mile; but he does ufually,
(So all Men do) from hence to th' Palace Gate
Make it their Walk.

Enter Banquo, and Fleance with a Torch.

2 *Mur.* A Light, a Light.

3 *Mur.*

† *lateſt.*

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3 *Mur.* 'Tis he.

1 *Mur.* Stand to't.

Ban. It will be Rain to-night.

2 *Mur.* Let it come down.

Ban. Oh Treachery!

Fly, *Fleance*, fly, fly, fly,

Thou may'st Revenge. Oh Slave?

(*Dies.* *Fleance escapes.*)

3 *Mur.* Who did strike out the Light?

1 *Mur.* Was't not the Way?

3 *Mur.* There's but one down; the Son
Is fled.

2 *Mur.* We've lost best half of our Affair.

1 *Mur.* Well, let's away, and say how much is
done. *Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Room of State in the Castle.

*A Banquet prepar'd. Enter Macbeth, Lady, Rosse,
Lenox, Lords, and Attendants.*

Macb. You know your own Degrees, sit down:
And first and last the hearty Welcome.

Lords. Thanks to your Majesty.

Macb. Our self will mingle with Society,
And play the humble Host:

Our Hostess keeps her State, but in best time

We will require her welcome. (*They sit.*)

Lady. Pronounce it for me, Sir, to all our Friends,
For my Heart speaks, they're Welcome.

Enter first Murderer.

Macb. See they Encounter thee with their Hearts
Thanks.

Both sides are even: Here I'll sit i' th' midst;

Be large in Mirth, anon we'll drink a Measure

The Table round—There's Blood upon thy Face.

(*To the Murderer aside at the Door.*)

Mur. 'Tis *Banquo's* then.

Macb. 'Tis better thee without, than he within,
Is he dispatch'd?

Mur. My Lord, his Throat is cut, I did that for him.

Macb.

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Macb. Thou art the best of Cut-throats ; yet he's
good,
That did the like for *Fleance* . If thou didst it,
Thou art the Non-pareil.

Mur. Most royal Sir,
Fleance is 'scap'd.

Macb. Then comes my Fit again : I had else been
perfect ;

Whole as the Marble, founded as the Rock,
As broad and gen'ral as the casing Air :
But now I'm cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in
'To sawcy Doubts and Fears. But *Banquo's* safe ? —

Mur. Ay, my good Lord : Safe in a Ditch he bides
With twenty trenched Gasnes on his Head ;
The least a Death to Nature.

Macb. Thanks for that ;
There the grown Serpent lies : The Worm that's fled
Hath Nature that in Time will Venom-breed,
No Teeth for th' present. Get thee gone, to-morrow
We'll hear our selves again. [Exit Murthers

Lady. My royal Lord,
You do not give the Cheer ; the Feast is * cold
That is not often vouched, while 'tis making,
'Tis given with Welcome. To feed, were best at home ;
From thence, the Sawce to Meat is Ceremony,
Meeting were bare without it.

(The Ghost of Banquo rises, and sits in Macbeth's Place.)

Macb. Sweet Remembrancer !
Now good Digestion wait on Appetite,
And health on both !

Len. May't please your Highness sit ?

Macb. Here had we now our Country's Honour
root'd,

Were the grac'd Person of our *Banquo* present ;
Whom may I rather challenge for Unkindness,
Than Pity for Mischance !

Rosse. His Absence, Sir,
Lays Blame upon his Promise. Pleas't your Highness
To grace us with your royal Company ?

Macb. The Table's full.

[Starting

Len. Here's a Place reserv'd, Sir,

Macb.

* *Sold,*

Macb. Where?

Len. Here, my good Lord.

What is't that moves your Highness?

Macb. Which of you have done this?

Lords. What, my good Lord?

Macb. Thou canst not say I did it: Never shake
Thy Goary looks at me.

Ross. Gentlemen rise, his Highness is not well.

Lady. Sit, worthy Friends, my Lord is often thus,
And hath been from his Youth. Pray you keep Seat.

The Fit is momentary, on a Thought

He will again be well. If much you note him

You shall offend him, and extend his Passion;

Feed, and regard him not. Are you a Man?

To Macbeth aside.

Macb. Ay, and a Bold one, that dare look on that
Which might appall the Devil.

Lady. Proper Stuff!

This is the very Painting of your Fear;

[aside]

This is the Air-drawn-dagger which you said

Let you to *Duncan*. Oh, these Flaws and Starts,

(Impositions to true Fear) would well become

A Woman's Story at a Winter's Fire,

Authoriz'd by her Grandam. Shame it self! —

Why do you make such Faces? When all's done

You look but on a Scowl.

Macb. Pr'ythee see there!

Behold! look! loe! How say you?

[Pointing to the Ghost.]

Why, what care I, if thou canst nod, speak too. —

If Charnel-houses and our Graves must send

Those that we bury, back; our Monuments

Shall be the Maws of Kites.

[The Ghost vanishes.]

Lady. What? Quite unmann'd in Folly?

Macb. If I stand here, I saw him.

Lady. Fie for Shame.

Macb. Blood hath been shed ere now, i'th' olden
Time,

Ere humane Statute purg'd the gentle Weal;

Ay, and since too, Murthers have been perform'd

Too terrible for th'Ear: The Times have been

That

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That when the Brains were out, the Man would die
And there an End; but now they rife again
With twenty mortal Murthers on their Crowns,
And push us from our Stools; this is more strange
Than fuch a Murther is.

Lady. My worthy Lord,
Your noble Friends do lack you.

Macb. I forgot ———

Do not mufe at me, my moft worthy Friends,
I have a ftrange Infirmary, which is nothing
To thofe that know me. Love and Health to all!
Then I'll fit down: Give me fome Wine, fill full---
I drink to th' general Joy of the whole Table,
And to our dear Friend *Banquo* whom we mifs,
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirft,
And all to all.

Lords. Our Duties, and the Pledge.

(The Ghost riles again.)

Macb. Avaunt, and qui: my Sight: Let the Earth
hide thee:

Thy Bones are Marrowlefs, thy Blood is cold;
Thou haft no Speculation in thofe Eyes
Which thou doft glare with.

Lady. Think of this, good Peers,
But as a thing of Cuftom: 'Tis no other,
Only it fpoils the Pleafure of the Time,

Macb. What Man dare; I dare:

Approach thou like the rugged *Ruffian* Bear,
The arm'd Rhinoceros, or *Hyrcean* Tyger,
Take any Shape but that, and my firm Nerves
Shall never tremble. Be alive again
And dare me to the Defart with thy Sword;
If Trembling I † inhibit, then proteft me
The Baby of a Girl. Hence horrible Shadow,
Unreal Mock'ry hence: Why fo, ——— be gone ———

(The Ghost vanifhes.)

I am a Man again; pray you fit ftill. *(The Lords rife.)*

Lady. You have displac'd the Mirth, broke the good
Meeting

With moft admired Diforder.

Macb. Can fuch Things be,

And

† inhibit.

And overcome us like a Summer's Cloud
Without our special Wonder? You make me strange
Ev'n to the Disposition that I owe,
When now I think you can behold such Sights,
And keep the natural Ruby of your Cheeks,
When mine is blanch'd with Fear.

Rosse. What Sights, my Lord?

Lady. I pray you speak not; he grows worse and worse,

Question enrages him: At once, good-night.

Stand not upon the Order of your going,

But go at once.

Len. Good-night, and better Health.

Attend his Majesty.

Lady. Good-Night to all. [*Exeunt Lords.*]

Macb. I will have Blood, they say Blood will have Blood:

Stones have been known to move, and Trees to speak;
Augures that understood Relations have

By Mag-pies, and by Coughs, and Rooks brought forth
The secret Man of Blood. What is the Night?

Lady. Almost at Odds with Morning which is which.

Macb. How say'st thou, that *Macduff* denies his Person,

At our great Bidding?

Lady. Did you send to him, Sir?

Macb. I hear it by the Way, but I will send:

There is not one of them, but in his House

I keep a Servant fee'd. I will to-morrow

(Sometimes I will) unto the wayward Sisters

More shall they speak; For now I'm bent to know

By the worst Means, the worst, for mine own good;

All Causes shall give Way, I am in Blood

Stept in so far, that should I wade no more,

Returning were as tedious as go o'er:

Strange Things I have in Head, that will to Hand,

Which must be acted ere they may be scann'd.

Lady. You lack the Season of all Natures. Sleep

Macb. Come, we'll to sleep; my strange and Self-abuse,

Is the initiate Fear, that wants hard Use:

We're yet but young indeed.

(*Exeunt.*)
SCENE

SCENE VI. *The Heath.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches, meeting Hecate.

1st Wit. Why how now, *Hecat'* you look angrily,

Hec. Have I not Reason, Beldams, as you are ?

Sawcy, and over-bold, how did you dare

To Trade and Traffick with *Macbeth*,

In Riddles and Affairs of Death ?

And I, the Mistress of your Charms,

The close Contriver of all Harms,

Was never call'd to bear my Part,

Or shew the Glory of our Art ?

And which is worse, all you have done

Hath been but for a wayward Son,

Spiteful and wrathful, who, as others do,

Loves for his own Ends, not for you,

But make amends now ; get you gone,

And at the Pit of *Acheron*

Meet me i'th' Morning : Thither he

Will come to know his Destiny ;

Your Vessels and your Spells provide,

Your Charms, and every thing beside,

I am for'th' Air : This Night I'll spend

Unto a dismal, fatal End,

Great Business must be brought ere Noon ;

Upon the corner of the Moon

There hangs a vap'rous Drop, profound ;

I'll catch it ere it come to Ground :

And that distill'd by magic Sights,

Shall raise such artificial Sprights,

As by the Strength of their Illusion,

Shall draw him on to his Confusion.

He shall spurn Fate, scorn Death, and bear

His hopes 'bove Wisdom, Grace, and Fear :

And you all know, Security

Is Mortals chiefest Enemy. [*Musick and a Song.*]

Hark, I am call'd my little Spirit see

Sits in the foggy Cloud and stays for me,

[*Sing within, Come away, come away, &c.*]

1st Witch

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Witch. Come, let's make haste, she'll soon be
back again. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII.

Enter Lenox and another Lord.

Len. My former Speeches have but hit your Thoughts,
Which can interpret farther: Only I say
Things have been strangely born. The gracious *Duncan*
Was piled of *Macbeth* — marry he was dead:
And the right valiant *Banquo* walk'd too late.
Whom you may say, if't please you, *Fleance* kill'd,
For *Fleance* fled: Men must not walk too late.
Who cannot want the Thought, how monstrous too
It was for *Malcomb*, and for *Donalbaine*
To kill their gracious Father? Damned Fact!
How did it grieve *Macbeth*? Did he not strait
In pious Rage the two Delinquents tear
That were the Slaves of Drink and thralls of Sleep?
Was that not nobly done? Ay, wisely too;
For 'twould have anger'd any Heart a'ive
To hear the Men deny't. So that I say
He has born all Things well, and I do think
That had he *Duncan's* Sons under his Key,
(As and't please Heav'n he shall not) they should find
What 'twere to kill a Father: So should *Fleance*.
But peace! For from broad Words, and 'cause he fail'd
His Presence at the Tyrant's Feast, I hear
Macduff lives in disgrace. Sir, can you tell
Where he bestows himself?

Lord. The Sons of *Duncan*,
From whom this Tyrant holds the due of Birth,
Live in the *English* Court, and are receiv'd
Of the most pious *Edward*, with such Grace,
That the Malevolence of Fortune nothing
Takes from his Right Respect. Thither *Macduff*
Is gone to pray the King upon his Aid
To wake *Northumberland*, and warlike *Seaward*;
That by the Help of these, (with Him above
To ratify the work) we may again
Give to our Tables Meat, Sleep to our Nights;
Free from our Feasts and Banquets bloody Knives;

Do

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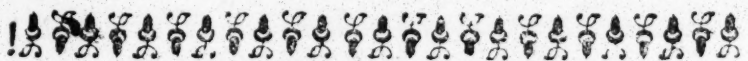
Do faithful Homage, and receive free Honours,
All which we pine for now. And this report
Hath so exasperated their King, that he
Prepares for some Attempt.

Len. Sent he to *Macduff*?

Lord. He did; and with an absolute, *Sir, not I,*
The cloudy Messenger turns me his Back,
And hums; as who should say, you'll rue the Time
That clogs me with this Answer.

Len. And that well might
Advise him to a Care to hold what Distance
His Wisdom can provide. Some holy Angel
Fly to the Court of *England*, and unfold
His Message ere he come! That a swift Blessing
May soon return to this our suffering Country,
Under a Hand accurs'd!

Lord. I'll send my Pray'rs with him. (*Exeunt.*)



A C T IV. S C E N E I.

*A dark Cave, in the Middle a great Cauldron
burning.*

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1st Witch. **T**HRIICE the brinded Cat hath mew'd.
2d Witch. Thrice, and once the
hedge Pig whin'd.

3d Witch. Harper crys, 'tis Time, 'tis Time.

1st Witch. Round about the Cauldron go,
In poison'd Entrails throw.

*(They march round the Cauldron, and throw in the
several Ingredients as for the Preparation of their
Charm.)*

Toad, that under the cold Stone,
Days and Nights has, thirty One,
Swelter'd Venom sleeping got;
Boil thou first i'th' charmed Pot.

All. Double, double Toil and Trouble;
Fire burn, and Cauldron bubble.

1st Witch.

1 *Witch.* Fillet of a Tunny Snake,
In the Cauldron boil and bake;
Eye of Newt and Toe of Frog;
Wool of Bat, and Tongue of Dog;
Adder's Fork, and Bind worm Sting,
Lizard's Leg, and Owl's Wing;
For a Charm of pow'rful Trouble,
Like a Hen-broth, boil and bubble.

All. Double, double, Toil and Trouble,
Fire burn, and Cauldron bubble.

3 *Witch.* Scale of Dragon, Tooth of Wolf,
Witches Mummy, Maw and Gulf
Of the raveing salt Sea-shark;
Root of Hemlock dgg'd i' th' Dark;
Liver of blaipheming Jew;
Gall of Goat, and slips of Yew,
Silver'd in the Moon's Eclipse;
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's Lips;
Finger of Birth-strangled Babe,
Ditch-delivered by a Drab;
Make the Grewel thick, and slab.
Add thereto a Tyger's Chawdron,
For th' Ingredients of our Cauldron.

All. Double, double, Toil and Trouble,
Fire burn, and Cauldron bubble.

2 *Witch.* Cool it with a Baboon's Blood,
Then the Charm is firm and good.

Enter Hecate and other three Witches.

Hec. Oh! well done! I commend your Pains
And every one shall share i' th' Gains,
And now about the Cauldron sing
Like Elves and Fairies in a Ring,
Inchanting all that you put in.

Musick and a Song.

*Black Spirits and White,
Blue Spirits and Grey.
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.*

2 *Witch.* By the pricking of my Thumbs
Something wicked this way comes:
Open Locks, whoever Knocks.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now, you secret black and midnight Hags?
What is't you do?

All. A Deed without a Name.

Macb. I conjure you, by that which you profess,
(How e'er you come to know it) answer me.

• Tho' you unite the Winds, and let them fight
• Against the Churches; tho' the yesty Waves
• Confound and swallow Navigation up;
• Tho' bladed Corn be lodg'd, and Trees b'own down,
• Tho' Castles topple on their Warders Heads;
• Tho' Palaces and Pyramids do slope
• Their Heads to their Foundations; tho' the Treasure
• Of Nature's † Germains tumble all together,
• Even 'till Destruction sicken: Answer me

To what I ask you.

1st Witch. Speak.

2d Witch. Demand.

3d Witch. We'll answer.

1st Witch. Say, if th' hadst rather hear it from our
Mouths.

Or from our Masters?

Macb. Call 'em: Let me see 'em.

1st Witch. Pour in Sow's Blood, that hath eaten
Her nine Farrow: Grease that's sweeten
From the Murth'rer's Gibber, throw
Into the Flame:

All. Come High or Low:

Thy self and Office dostly show. [Thunder.

Apparition of an armed Head rises.

Macb. Tell me, thou unknown Power _____

1st Witch. He knows thy Thought:

Hear his Speech, but say thou nought

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! Beware Mac-
duff! _____

Beware the *Thane of Fife* ---- dismiss me --- enough.

[Descends.

Macb. What-e'er thou art, for thy Good caution Thanks.
Thou'lt harp'd my fear aright. But one Word more ---

1st Witch

† C. Kindred.

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1st Witch. He will not be commanded; here's another
More potent than the first. [Thunder.]

Apparition of a bloody Child rises.

App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!

Marb. Had I three Ears, I'd hear thee.

App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to Scorn
The Pow'r of Man; For none of Woman born
Shall harm *Macbeth*. [Descends.]

Macb. Then live *Macduff*: What Need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make Assurance double sure,
And take a Bond of Fate; thou shalt not live,
That I may tell pale-hearted Fear, it lyes;
And sleep in Spight of Thunder. [Thunder.]

*Apparition of a Child crowned, with a Tree in
his Hand rises.*

What is this,
That rises like the Issue of a King,
And wears upon his Baby-brow the Round
And Top of Sovereignty?

All. Litted, but speak not.

App. Be lion-mettled, proud, and take no Care,
Who Chafes, who Frets, or where Conspirers are,
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great *Birnam* Wood to *Dunfinane's* high Hill
Shall come against him. [Descends.]

Macb. That will never be:
Who can impress the Forest, bid the Tree
Unfix his earth-bound Root? Sweet Boadments! good!
Rebellious Dead, rise never till the Wood
Of *Birnam* rise; and our high-plac'd *Macbeth*
Shall life the Lease of Nature, pay his Breath
To Time and mortal Custom. Yet my Heart
Throbs to know one Thing; Tell me, (if your Art
Can tell so much) shall *Banquo's* Issue ever
Reign in this Kingdom?

All. Seek to know no more.

[The Cauldron sinks into the Ground.]

Macb. I will be satisfy'd. Deny me this,
And an eternal Curse fall on you: Let me know.
Why sinks that Cauldron? And what Noise is this?

(Hoboyes.)

1st Witch. Shew!

2^d Witch

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2d Witch. Shew!

3d Witch. Shew!

All. Shew his Eyes, and grieve his Heart,
Come like Shadows, so depart

[Eight Kings appear and pass over in order, and
Banquo last, with a Glass in his Hand.

Mach. Thou art too like the Spirit of *Banquo*; down!
'Thy crown do's fear mine Eye-balls. And thy Hair
(Thou other Gold bound brow) is like the first —
A third, is like the former ---- filthy Hags!
Why do you shew me this? ---- A fourth? ---- Start Eye!
What, will the Line stretch out to th' crack of Doom? --
Another yet? ---- A seventh! I'll see no more ----
And yet the Eighth appears, who bears a Glass,
Which shews me many more; and some I see
That twofold Balls and treble Scepters carry.
Horrible Sight! Nay now I see tis true,
For the Blood-bolter'd *Banquo* smiles upon me,
And points at them for his. What, is this so?

1st Witch. Ay Sir, all this is so. But why
Stands *Macbeth* thus amazedly?

Come Sisters, cheer we up his Sprights,
And shew the best of our Delights,
I'll Charm the Air to give a Sound
While you perform your Antique round
That this great King may kindly say,
Our Duties did his Welcome pay.

[Musick.

[The Witches Dance, and Vanish.

Mach. Where are they? Gone? — Let this pe-
nicious Hour

Stand ay, accur'd in the Kalendar.
Come in, without there?

Enter Lenox.

Len. What's your Grace's Will?

Mach. Saw you the wayward Sisters?

Len. No, my Lord.

Mach. Came they not by you?

Len. No indeed, my Lord.

Mach. Infected be the Air whereon they ride,
And damn'd all those that trust them! I did hear
The galloping of Horse. Who was't came by?

Len. 'Tis two or three, my Lord, that bring you
Word.,

Macduff

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Macduff is fled to *England*.

Macb. Fled to *England*?

Len. Ay, my good Lord.

Macb. Time thou anticipat'st my dread Exploits:

The flighty Purpose never is o'ertook
Unless the Deed go with it. From this Moment,
The very Firrflings of my Heart shall be
The Firrflings of my Hand. And even now
To crown my Thoughts with Acts, be't thought and done:
The Castle of *Macduff* I will surprize,
Seize upon *Fife*, give to the Edge o' th' Sword
His Wife, his Babes, and all unfortunate Souls
That trace him in his Line. No boasting like a Fool
This Deed I'll do before this Purpose cool.
But no more Sights. Where are these Gentlemen?
Come, bring me where they are. (Exeunt.)

S C E N E III.

Macduff's Castle.

Enter Lady Macduff, her Son, and Rosse.

L Macd. What had he done, to make him fly the Land?

Ros. You must have patience, Madam.

L Macd. He had none;

His flight was Madness; when our Actions do not,
Our Fears do make us Traitors.

Ros. You know not,

Whether it was his Wisdom, or his Fear.

L Macd. Wisdom? To leave his Wife, to leave his Babes,

His Mansion, and his Titles, in a Place

From whence himself does fly? He loves us not.

He wants the natural Touch; for the poor Wren,

The most diminutive of Birds, will fight,

Her young Ones in her Nest, against the Owl:

All is the Fear, and nothing is the Love;

As little is the Wisdom where the Flight

So runs against all Reason,

Ros. Dearest Cousin,

I pray you School yourself; but for your Husband,

He's noble, wise, judicious, and best knows

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The Fits o' th' Time. I dare not speak much farther,
 But cruel are the Times, when we are Traitors,
 And do not know ourselves; When we hold Rumour
 From what we fear, yet know not what we fear,
 But float upon a wild and violent Sea
 Each way, and move. I take my leave of you;
 Shall not be long but I'll be here again:
 Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upward
 To what they were before: My pretty Cousin,
 Blessing upon you.

L Macd. Father'd he is, and yet he's Fatherless.

Rof. I am so much a Fool, should I stay longer,
 It would be my Disgrace and your Discomfort.
 I take my Leave at once. *(Exit Rosse.)*

L Macd. Sirrah, your Father's dead,
 And what will you do now? How will you live?

Son. As Birds do, Mother.

L Macd. What, on Worms and Flies?

Son. On what I get, and so do they.

L Macd. Poor Bird!

Thou'dst never fear the Net, nor Line,
 The Pit-fall, nor the Gin.

Son. Why should I, Mother! poor Birds they are not
 set for.

My Father is not dead, for all your saying.

L Macd. Yes he is dead; how wilt thou do for a
 Father?

Son. How will you do for a Husband?

L Macd. Why, I can buy me twenty at any Market.

Son. Then you'll buy 'em to sell again.

L Macd. Thou speak'st with all-thy Wit, and yet i' faith
 With wit enough for thee.

Son. Was my Father a Traitor, Mother?

L Macd. Ay that he was.

Son. What is a Traitor?

L Macd. Why one that Swears and Lies

Son. And be all Traitors that do so?

L Macd. Every one that does so is a Traitor, and
 must be Hang'd.

Son. And must they all be Hang'd that swear and lie?

L Macd. Every one.

Son. Who must Hang them?

L Macd.

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L Macd. Why, honest Men.

Son. Then the Lyars and Swearers are Fools; for there is Lyars and Swearers enow to beat the honest Men, and hang up them.

L Macd. God help thee, poor Monkey: But how wilt thou do for a Father?

Son. If he were dead you'd weep for him: If you would not, it were a good Sign that I should quickly have a new Father.

L Macd. Poor Prater! how thou talk'it?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Bless you, fair Dame, I am not to you known,
Tho' in your State of Honour I am perfect:
I doubt some Danger does approach you nearly.
If you will take a homely Man's Advice,
Be not found here, hence with your little ones.
To fright you thus methinks I am too Savage;
To do worse to you were fell Cruelty,
Which is too nigh your Person. Heav'n preserve you,
I dare abide no longer. *(Exit Messenger.)*

L Macd. Whither should I fly?
I've done no harm. But I remember now
I'm in this earthly World, where to do Harm
Is often laudable, to do Good sometime
Accounted dang'rous Folly. Why then, alas!
Do I put up that womanly Defence,
To say I'ad done no Harm?---What are these Faces?

Enter Murderers.

Mur. Where is your Husband?

L Macd. I hope in no Place so un sanctified
Where such as thou may'ft find him.

Mur. He's a Traytor.

Son. Thou ly'ft, thou shag-card Villain.

Mur. What you Egg? *(Stabbing him.)*
Young Fry of Treachery?

Son. He 'as killed me, Mother,
Run away, pray you.

(Exit, crying Murder.)
SCENE

S C E N E IV.

*The King of England's Palace.**Enter Malcolm and Macduff.*

Mal. Let us seek out some desolate Shade, and there
Weep our sad Bosoms empty.

Macd. Let us rather
Hold fast the mortal Sword; and like good Men,
Bestride our downfal Birth-doom: Each new Morn,
New Widows howl, new Orphans cry, new Sorrows
Strike Heaven on the Face, that it resounds
As if it self with *Scotland*, and yell'd out
Like Syllables of Dolour.

Mal. What I believe, I'll wail;
What know, believe; and what I can redress,
As I shall find the Time to Friend, I will.
What you have spoke, it may be so perchance;
This Tyrant, whose sole Name blisters our Tongues,
Was once thought honest: You have lov'd him well,
He hath not touch'd you yet; I'm young, but something
You may discern of him thro' me, and Wisdom
To offer up a weak, poor, innocent Lamb,
T' appease an angry God.

Macd. I am not treach'rous.

Mal. But *Macbeth* is.
A good and virtuous Nature may recoil
In an imperial Charge. I crave your Pardon:
That which you are, my Thoughts cannot transpose;
Angels are bright still, tho the brightest Fell:
Tho all Things foul would wear the Brows of Grace,
Yet Grace must still look so.

Macd. I've lost my Hopes.

Mal. Perchance ev'n there, where I did find my Doubts,
Why in that Rawness left you Wife and Children?
Those precious Motives, those strong Knots of Love,
Without Leave-taking?
Let not my Jealousies be your Dishonours,
But mine own Safeties. You may be rightiy just,
Whatever I shall think.

Macd.

Macd. Bleed, bleed, poor Country!
Great Tyranny, lay thou thy Basis sure,
For Goodness dares not check thee! Wear thou thy
Wrongs,

His Title is * *affear'd*. Fare thee well, Lord:
I would not be the Vilain that thou think'st
For the whole Space that's in the Tyrant's Grasp,
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended;

I speak not as in absolute Fear of you.
I think our Country sinks beneath the Yoak,
It weeps, it bleeds, and each new Day a Gash
Is added to her Wounds. I think withal,
There would be Hands up-lifted in my Right:
And here from gracious *England* have I Offer
Of goodly Thousands. But for all this,
When I shall tread upon the Tyrant's Head,
Or wear it on my Sword, yet my poor Country
Shall have more Vices than it had before,
More Suffer, and more sundry Ways than ever,
By him that shall succeed.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is my self I mean, in whom I know †
All the Particulars of Vice so grafted,
That when they shall be open'd, black *Macbeth*
Will seem as pure as snow, and the poor State
Esteem him as a Lamb, being compar'd
With my confineless Harms.

Macd. Not in the Legions
Of horrid Hell, can come a Devil more damn'd.
In Ills, to top *Macbeth*.

Mal. I grant him bloody,
Luxurious, avaricious, false, deceitful,
Sudden, malicious, smacking of each Sin
That has a Name. But there's no Bottom, none
In my Voluptuousness; your Wives, your Daughters,
Your Matrons, and your Maids, could not fill up
The Cistern of my Lust; and my Desire
All continent Impediments would o'er-bear
That did oppose my Will. Better *Macbeth*, Than

* *Affear'd*, a Law Term, for confirm'd.

† *This Conference of Malcom with Macduff is taken
out of the Chronicles of Scotland.*

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Than such an one to reign.

Macd. Boundless Intemperance
In Nature is a Tyranny; it hath been
Th' untimely Emptying of the happy Throne,
And fall of many Kings. But fear not yet
To take upon you what is yours: You may
Convey your Pleasures in a spacious Plenty,
And yet seem cold: The Time you may so hoodwink,
We've willing Dames enough; there cannot be
That Vulture in you to devour so many.
As will to Greainess dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclin'd.

Mal. With this, there grows
In my most ill-compos'd Affection, such
A stanchless Avarice, that were I King
I should cut off the Nobles for their Lands;
Desire his Jewels, and this other's House,
And my More-having would be as a Sawce
To make me hunger more; that I should forge
Quarrels unjust against the Good and Royal,
Destroying them for Wealth.

Macd. This Avarice
Sticks deeper; grows with more pernicious Root
Than Summer-teeming Lust; and it hath been
The Sword of our slain Kings: Yet do not fear,
Scotland hath † Foysons to fill up your Will
Of your Mere own. All these are portable,
With other Graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I have none; the King-becoming Graces,
As Justice, Verity, Temp'rance, Stableness,
Bounty, Perseverance, Mercy, Lowliness,
Devotion, Patience, Courage, Fortitude;
I have no Relish of them, but abound
In the Division of each several Crime,
Acting it many ways. Nay, had I Power, I should
Pour the sweet Milk of Concord into Hell,
Uprou the universal Peace, confound
All Unity on Earth.

Macd. Oh *Scotland! Scotland!* ———

Mal. If such a one be fit to govern, speak:
I am as I have spoken.

Macd.

† *Plenty.*

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Macd. Fit to govern!

No not to live. Oh Nation miserable!
With an untitled Tyrant, bloody-sceptred,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome Days again?
Since that the truest Issue of thy Throne
By his own Interdiction stands accurst,
And do's blaspheme his Breed? Thy royal Father
Was a most sainted King; the Queen that bore thee,
Oftner upon her Knees than on her Feet,
Dy'd every Day she liv'd. Oh fare thee well,
These Evils thou repeat'it upon thy self,
Have banish'd me from Scotland. Oh my Breast!
Thy Hope ends here.

Mal. Macduff, this noble Passion,
Child of Integrity, hath from my Soul
Wip'd the black Scruples, reconcil'd my Thoughts
To thy good Truth and Honour. Devilish *Macbeth*
By many of these Trains hath sought to win me
Into his Pow'r: And modest Wisdom plucks me
From over-credulous Haste; but God above
Deal between thee and me! for even now
I put my self to thy Direction, and
Unspeake mine own Detraction; here abjure
The Taints and Blames I laid upon my self,
For Strangers to my Nature. I am yet
Unknown to Women, never was forsworn,
Scarcely have coveted what was mine own,
At no Time broke my Faith, would not betray
The Devil to his Fellow, and delight
No less in Truth, than Life: My first false Speaking
Was this upon my self. What I am truly
Is thine, and my poor Country's to command:
Whither indeed, before thy Here-approach.
Old *Seyward* with ten thousand warlike Men
All ready at a Point, was setting forth.
Now we'll together, and the Chance of Goodness
Be like our warranted Quarrel. Why are you silent?

Macd. Such welcome, and unwelcome Things, at
once.

'Tis hard to reconcil'e.

SCENE

S C E N E V.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well, no'e anon. Comes the King forth, I
pray you?

Doct. Ay, Sir, there are a Crew of wretched Souls
That stay his Cure; their Malady convinces
The great Assay of Art. But at his Touch,
Such Sanctity hath Heav'n given his Hand,
They presently amend.

[*Exit.*

Mal. I thank you, Doctor.

Macd. What's the Disease he means?

Mal. 'Tis call'd the Evil,

A most miraculous Work in this good King,
Which often since my Here-remain in *England*
I've seen him do. How he solicits Heav'n
Himself best knows; but strangely-visited People,
All swoln and ulc'rous, pityful to the Eye,
The mere despair of Surgery; he cures;
Hanging a golden Stamp about their Necks,
Put on with holy Prayers: And 'tis spoken,
To the succeeding Royalty he leaves
The healing Benediction. With this strange Virtue,
He hath a heavenly Gift of Prophecy,
And sundry Blessings hang about this Throne,
That speak him full of Grace.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Rosse.

Macd. See, who comes here!

Mal. My Country-man; but yet I know him not.

Macd. My ever-gentle Cousin, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now. Good God, betimes remove
The Means that makes us Strangers.

Rosse Sir, *Amen.*

Macd. Stands *Scotland* where it did?

Rosse. 'Alas poor Country,

- Almost afraid to know it self. It cannot
- Be call'd our Mother, but our Grave; where nothing,
- But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile:

There

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Where Sighs and Groans, and Shrieks that rend the Air
Are mad, not mark'd; where violent Sorrow seems
A modern Ecstasy: The Dead-man's Knell
Is there scarce ask'd, for whom? And good Mens Lives
Expire before the Flowers in their Caps,
Dying, or ere they sicken.

Macd. Oh Relation! too nice, and yet too true:

Mal. What's the newest Grief?

Rosse. That of an Hour's Age doth hiss the Speaker,
Each Minute teems a new one.

Macd. How does my Wife?

Rosse. Why, well.

Macd. And all my Children?

Rosse. Well too.

Macd. The Tyrant has not batter'd at their Peace?

Rosse. No, they were well at Peace when I did leave
'em.

Macd. Be not a Niggard of your Speech: How goes it?

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the Tidings
Which I have heavily born, there ran a Rumour
Of many worthy Fellows that were out,
Which was to my Benief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the Tyrant's Power a-foot;
Now is the Time of Help; your Eye in Scotland
Would create Soldiers, and make Women fight.
To doff their dire Distresses.

Mal. Be't their Comfort

We're coming thither: Gracious *England* hath
Lent us good *Seyward* and Ten Thousand Men;
An older, and a better Soldier, none
That Christendom gives out.

Rosse. Would I could answer

This Comfort with the like. But I have Words
That would be howl'd out in the desert Air,
Where hearing should not catch them.

Macd. What? Concern they

The gen'ral Cause? Or is it a Fee-Grief
Due to some single Breat?

Rosse. No Mind that's honest

But in it shares some Woe, though the main Part
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,

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Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.

Ros. Let not your Ears despise my Tongue for ever,
Which shall possess them with the heaviest Sound
That ever yet they heard.

Macd. Hum! I guess at it.

Ros. Your Castle is surpriz'd, your Wife and Babes
Savagely slaughter'd; to relate the Manner,
Were on the Quarry of these murder'd Deer
To add the Death of you.

Mal. Merciful Heav'n!

What Man, ne'er pull your Hat upon your Brows;
Give Sorrow Words; the Grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught Heart, and bids it break.

Macd. My Children too?

Ros. Wife, Children, Servants, all that could be
found.

Macd. And I must be from thence, my Wife kill'd
too!

Ros. I've said.

Mal. Be comforted.

Let's make us Med'cines of our great Revenge,
To cure his deadly Grief.

Macd. He has no Children. All my pretty Ones?
Did you say all? what all? †

Mal. * Endure it like a Man.

Macd. I shall:

But I must also feel it as a Man.
I cannot but remember such Things were,
That were most precious to me: Did Heaven look on
And would not take their part? Sinful *Macduff*,
They were all struck for thee? Naught that I am,
Not for their own Demerits but for mine
Fell Slaughter on their Souls: Heaven rest them now!

Mal. Be this the Whetstone of your Sword, let Grief
Convert to Wrath: Blunt not the Heart, enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the Woman with mine Eyes,
And braggert with my Tongue. But gentle Heaven!
Cut short all Intermision: Front to Front,

Bring

† ——— oh Hell kite! what, all?

What, all my pretty Chickens, and their Dam,
At one fell Swoop?

Mal. Endure it, &c.

* *distute.*

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Bring thou this Fiend of *Scotland* and myself
Within my Sword's length set him, if he 'scape,
Then Heaven forgive him too!

Mal. This Tune goes manly:
Come, go we to the King, our Power is ready,
Our lack is nothing but our leave. *Macbeth*
Is ripe for shaking, and the Powers above
Put on their Instruments. Receive what Cheer you may,
The Night is long that never finds the Day, [*Exeunt*]



ACT V. SCENE I.

An Anti-chamber in Macbeth's Castle.

Enter a Doctor of Physick, and a Gentlewoman.

Doct. I Have two Nights watch'd with you, but cannot
perceive no Truth in your Report. When was
it she last walk'd?

Gent. Since his Majesty went into the Field, I have
seen her rise from her Bed, throw her Night Gown upon
her, unlock her Closet, take forth Paper, fold it,
write upon't, read it, and afterwards seal it, and
again return to Bed; yet all this while in a most fast
Sleep.

Doct. A great Perturbation in Nature! to receive at
once the Benefit of Sleep, and do the Effects of Watch-
ing. In this slumbry Agitation, besides her Walking,
and other actual Performances, what (at any time)
have you heard her say?

Gent. That, Sir, which I will not report after her.

Doct. You may to me, and 'tis most meet you
should.

Gent. Neither to you, nor any one, having no Wit-
ness to confirm my Speech.

Enter Lady Macbeth with a Taper.

Lo you! here she comes: This is her very Guise, and
upon my Life fast a-sleep; observe her, stand close.

Doct. How came she by that Light?

Gent. Why, it stood by her: She has light by her
continually, 'tis her command.

Doct. You see her Eyes are open.

Gent.

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Gent. Ay, but their Sense is shut.

Doct. What is it she does now? Look how she rubs her Hands.

Gent. It is an accustom'd Action with her, to seem thus Washing her Hands: I have known her to continue in this a Quarter of an Hour.

Lady. Yet here's a Spot.

Doct. Hark, she speaks. I will set down what comes from her, to satisfy my Remembrance the more strongly.

Lady. Out! damned Spot; out I say — one; two; why then 'tis time to do't — Hell is Murky. Fie, my Lord, fie, a Soldier, and afraid? What need we fear, who knows it, when none can call our Power to account — yet who would have thought the old Man to have had so much Blood in him?

Doct. Do you mark that?

Lady. The *Thane of Fife* had a Wife; where is she now? What, will these Hands ne'er be clean? — No more o' that, my Lord, no more o' that; you marr all with starting.

Doct. Go to, go to; you have known what you should not.

Gent. She has spoke what she should not, I am sure of that: Heaven knows what she has known.

Lady. Here's the smell of Blood still: All the Perfumes of *Arabs* will not sweeten this little Hand. Oh! oh! oh!

Doct. What a Sigh is there? The Heart is sorely charg'd.

Gent. I would not have such a Heart in my Bosom, For the Dignity of the whole Body.

Doct. Well, well, well —

Gent. Pray God it be, Sir.

Doct. This Disease is beyond my Practice: Yet I have known those which have walk't in their Sleep, who have died holily in their Beds.

Lady. Wash your Hands, put on your Night-gown, look not so Pale — I tell you yet again, *Banquo's* buried; he cannot come out of his Grave.

Doct. Even so.

Lady. To Bed, to Bed; there's knocking at the Gate: come, come, come, come, give me your Hand: what's

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what's done, cannot be undone. To Bed, to Bed, to Bed.
[Exit Lady.]

Doct. Will she go now to Bed?

Gent. Directly.

Doct. Foul whisp'rings are abroad; unnatural Deeds
Do breed unnat'ral Troubles. Infected Minds
To their deaf Pillows will discharge their Secrets.
More needs she the Divine than the Physician.
Good God forgive us all! Look after her,
Remove from her the Means of all Annoyance,
And still keep Eyes upon her; so good night.
My Mind she's as * mated, and amaz'd my Sight.
I think, but dare not speak.

Gent. Good-night, good Doctor. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

A Field with a Wood at Distance.

Enter Menteth, Cathnus, Angus, Lenox, and Soldiers.

Ment. The *English* Power is near, led on by *Malcolm*,
His Uncle *Seyward*, and the good *Macduff*.
Revenge burn in them; for their dear Causes
† Would to the bleeding and the grim Alarm
Excite the mortified Man.

Ang. Near *Birnam Wood*

Shall we well meet them; that Way are they coming.

Cath. Who knows if *Donalbain* be with his Brother?

Len. For certain, Sir, he is not: I've a File
Of all the Gentry; there is *Seyward's* Son,
And many unruff'd Youths, that even now
Protest their first of Manhood.

Ment. What does the Tyrant?

Cath. Great *Dunfinane* he strongly fortifies;
Some say he's Mad: Others that lesser hate him
Do call it valiant Fury; but for certain,
He cannot buckle his distemper'd Cause
Within the Belt of Rule.

Ang. Now do's he feel

His secret Murthers sticking on his Hands; Now

* conquer'd or subduc'd.

† This Line omitted in all but the first Edition in Folio.

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Now minutely, Revolts upbraid his Faith breach ;
 Those he commands, move only in Command,
 Nothing in love ; now does he feel his Title
 Hang loose about him, like a Giants Robe
 Upon a dwarfish Thief.

Ment. Who then shall blame
 His pester'd Senses to recoyl, and start,
 When all that is within him does condemn
 I self, for being there ?

Gath. Well, march we on,
 To give Obedience where 'tis truly ow'd :
 Meet we the Medicine of the sickly Weal,
 And with him, pour we, in our Country's purge,
 Each drop of us.

Len. Or so much as it needs,
 To dew the Sovereign Flower, and drown the Weeds.
 Make we our March towards *Birnam*. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Dunsmine.

Enter Macbeth, Doctor, and Attendants.

Maeb. Bring me no more Reports, let them fly all :
 'Till *Birnam* Wood remove to *Dunsmine*,
 I cannot taint with Fear. What's the Boy *Malcolme* ?
 Was he not born of Woman ? Spirits that know
 All mortal Consequences, have pronounced it :
 " Fear not *Macbeth*, no Man that's bora of Woman
 " Shall e'er have Power upon thee.—Fly false *Thanes*,
 And mingle with the *English* Epicures.
 The Mind I sway by, and the Heart I bear,
 Shall never fagg with doubt, nor shake with fear.

Enter a Servant.

The Devil damn the black, thou cream-fac'd Lown :
 Where got'st thou that Goose-look ?

Ser. There are ten thousand——

Maeb. Geese, Villain ?

Ser. Soldiers, Sir.

Maeb. Go, prick thy Face, and over-red thy Fear,
 Thou Lilly-liver'd Boy. What Soldiers, Patch ?

Death

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Death of thy Soul! those Linnen Cheeks of thine
Are Counsellors to Fear. What Soldiers, Wheyface?

Ser. The *English* Force, so please you.

Mach. Take thy Face hence——*Seyton!*——I am sick
at Heart.

When I behold——*Seyton!* I say!——this Push
Will cheer me ever, or diseafe me now.

I have liv'd long enough : My way of Life
Is fall'n into the Sear, the yellow Leaf :

“ And that which should accompany old Age,
“ As Honour, Love, Obedience, Troops of Friends,
“ I must not look to have; but in their stead,
“ Curses not loud but deep, Mouth-honour, Breath,
“ Which the poor Heart would fain deny, and dare not.

Enter Seyton.

Sey. What is your gracious Pleasure?

Mach. What News more;

Sey. All is confirm'd, my Lord, which was reported.

Mach. I'll fight, 'till from my Bones my Flesh is hackt,
Give me my Armour.

Sey. 'Tis not needed yet.

Mach. I'll put it on :

Send out more Horses, skirre the Country round,
Hang those that talk of Fear. Give me mine Armour.
How does your Patient, Doctor?

Doct. Not so sick, my Lord,
As she is troubled with thick-coming Fancies,
That keep her from her Rest.

Mach. Cure her of that :

“ Canst thou not minister to Minds diseased,
“ Pluck from the Memory a rooted Sorrow,
“ Raze out the written Troubles of the Brain ;
“ And with some sweet oblivious Antidote,
“ Cleanse the full Bosome of that perilous stuff
“ Which weighs upon the Heart ?

Doct. Therein the Patient
Must minister unto himself.

Mach. Throw Physick to the Dogs, I'll none of it—
Come, put my Armour on, give me my Staff.

Seyton, send out——*Doctor,* the *Thanes* fly from me—
Come, Sir, dispatch——If thou couldst, *Doctor,* cast
The Water of my Land, find her Disease, And

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And purge it to a sound and pristine Health,
I would applaud thee to the very Echo,
That should applaud again. Pul't off, I say——
What Ruburb, Senna, or what purgative Drug,
Would scour these *English* hience? hear'it thou of them?

Doct. Ay, my good Lord; your Royal Preparation
Makes us hear something.

Macb. Bring it after me;
I will not be afraid of Death and Bane,
'Till *Birnam* Forest come to *Dunfinane*.

Doct. Were I from *Dunfinane* away, and clear,
Profit again should hardly draw me here. [*Exeunt*

S C E N E IV.

Birnam Wood.

Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Macduff, Seyward's Son,
Menteth, Cathness, Angus, and Soldiers marching.

Mal. Cousin, I hope the Days are near at Hand
That Chambers will be safe.

Ment. We doubt it nothing:

Sey. What Wood is this before us?

Ment. The Wood of *Birnam*.

Mal. Let every Soldier hew him down a Bough,
And bear't before him; thereby shall we shadow
The Numbers of our Host, and make Discov'ry
Err in Report of us.

Sold. It shall be done.

Seyw. We learn no other but the confident Tyrant
Keeps still in *Dunfinane*, and will endure
Our setting down before't.

Mal. 'Tis his main Hope:
For where there is Advantage to be given,
Both more and less hath given him the Revolt;
And none serve with him but constrained Things,
Whose Hearts are absent too.

Macd. † Let our just Censures
Attend the true Event, and put we on
Industrious foldiership.

† *Set our best Censures before thee——*

Seyw. The time approaches,
That will with due Decision make us know
What we shall say we have, and what we owe :
Thought speculative their unsure hopes relate,
But certain Issue, strokes must arbitrate.
Towards which, advance the War. [*Exeunt marching.*]

SCENE V.

Dunsmuane.

Enter Macbeth, Seyton, and Soldiers with Drums and Colours.

Macb. Hang out our Banners on the outward Walls
The cry is still, *they come* : Our Castles Strength
Will laugh a Siege to scorn. Here let them lie,
Till Famine and the Ague eat them up :
Were they not † reinforced with those that should be ours,
We might have met them daresful, Beard to Beard,
And beat them backward Home. What is that Noise ;

[*A cry within of Women.*]

Sey. It is the Cry of Women, my good Lord.

Macb. I have almost forgot the taste of Fears :
The time has been, my Senses would have cool'd
To hear a Shriek, and my fell of Hair
Would at a dismal Treatise rouze, and stir
As Life were in't. I have sapt full with Horrors,
Direness familiar to my slaughterous Thoughts
Cannot once start me. Wherefore was that Cry ?

Sey. The Queen is dead.

Macb. She should have dy'd hereafter ;
There would have been a time for such a Word,
" To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow
" Creeps in this petty Pace from Day to Day,
" To the last Syllable of recorded Time ;
" And all our Yesterdays have lighted Fools
" The Way to † dusty Death. Out, out, brief Candle !
" Life's but a walking Shadow, a poor Player,
" That fruts and frets his Hour upon the Stage,
" And then is heard no more ! It is a Tale

" Told

† for re inforc'd.

† dusty Death.

66 *The Tragedy of MACBETH.*

“ Told by an Ideot, full of Sound and Fury,
“ Signifying nothing !

Enter a Messenger.

Thou com’st to use thy-Tongue : Thy Story quickly.

Mef. My gracious Lord,
I should report that which I say I saw,
But know not how to do’t.

Macb. Well, say it, Sir.

Mef. As I did stand my watch upon the Hill,
I look’d toward *Birnam*, and anon methought
The Wood began to move.

Macb. Liar, and Slave ! [Striking him]

Mef. Let me endure your Wrath, if’t be not so :
Within this three Mile you may see it coming ?
I say, a moving Grove.

Macb. If thou speak’st false,
Upon the next Tree shalt thou hang alive
Till Famine cling thee : If thy Speech be sooth,
I care not if thou dost for me as much——
I pull in Resolution, and begin
To doubt th’ Equivocation of the Fiend,
That lies like Truth. “ Fear not, ’till *Birnam* Wood
“ Do come to *Dunfinane*,” and now a Wood
Comes towards *Dunfinane*. Arm, arm, and out !
If this which he avouches do’s appear,
There is no flying hence, nor tarrying here ;
“ I ’gin to be weary of the Sun,
“ And wish the State o’th’ World were now undone.
“ Ring the alarm Bell, blow Wind, come wrack,
“ At least we’ll die with harness on our Back. [Exit]

S C E N E VI.

Before Dunfinane.

*Enter Malcolme, Seyward, Macduff, and their
Army, with Boughs.*

Mal. Now near enough : you leavy Screens the
down,

And shew like those you are. You (worthy Uncle)
Shall with my Cousin, your right noble Son,
Lead our first Battle. Brave *Macduff* and we
Shall take upon’s what else remains to do,

According to our Order.

Seyw. Fare you well :

Let us but find the Tyrant's Power To-night,
Let us be beaten, if we cannot fight.

Macd. Make all our Trumpets speak, give them all
Breath,

Those clam'rous Harbingers of Blood and Death. [*Exe.*
[*Alarums continued.*

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. They've ty'd me to a Stake, I cannot fly,
But Bear-like I must fight the Corse. What's he
That was not born of Woman? such a one
Am I to fear, or none.

Enter young Seyward.

Yo. Seyw. What is thy Name?

Macb. Thou'lt be afraid to hear it.

Yo. Seyw. No; though thou call'st thyself a hotter
Name

Than any is in Hell.

Macb. My Name's *Macbeth.*

Yo. Seyw. The Devil himself could not pronounce a
Title

More hateful to mine Ear.

Macb. No, nor more fearful.

Yo. Seyw. Thou lyest abhorred Tyrant with my
Sword

I'll prove the Lye thou speak'st.

[*Fight, and young Seyward's slain.*

Macb. Thou wast born of Woman;

But Swords I smile at, Weapons laugh to Scorn,
Brandish'd by Man that's of a Woman born.

Exit,

Alarums. Enter Macduff.

Macd. That Way the Noise is: Tyrant shew thy Face,

If thou be'st slain, and with no Stroke of mine,

My Wife and Childrens Ghosts will haunt me still.

I cannot strike at wretched *Kernes*, whose Arms

Are hir'd to bear their Staves: Or thou *Macbeth*,

Or else my Sword with an unbatter'd Edge

I sheath again undecided. There thou should'st be---

By this great Clatter, one of greatest Note

Seems bruited, Let me find him, Fortune!

And more I beg not.

Exit. Alarum.

*Enter Malcolm and Seyward.**Seyw.* This Way, my Lord, the Castle's gently render'd:

The Tyrant's People on both sides do fight.
 The noble *Thanes* do bravely in the War,
 The Day almost itself professes your's,
 And little is to do.

Mal. We've met with Foes.
 That strike beside us.

Seyw. Enter, Sir, the Castle. [*Exeunt. Alarum.*]

S C E N E VII.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. Why should I play the Roman Fool, and die
 On mine own Sword? Whilst I see lives, the Gashes
 Do better upon them.

*To him, enter Macduff**Macd.* Turn Hell-Hound, turn.

Macb. Of all Men else I have avoided thee:
 But get thee back, my Soul is too much charg'd
 With blood of thine already.

Macd. I've no Words,
 My Voice is in my Sword! thou bloodier Villian
 Than Terms can give thee out. [*Fight. Alarum.*]

Macb. Thou lovest Labour,
 As easy may'st thou the intrenchant Air
 With thy keen Sword impress, as make me bleed:
 Let fall thy Blade no vulnerable Crests,
 I bear a charmed Life, which must not yeild
 To one of Woman born.

Macd. Despair thy Charm,
 And let the Angel whom thou still hast serv'd
 Tell thee, *Macduff* was from his Mother's Womb
 Urtimely rip'd.

Macb. Accursed be that Tongue that tell me so?
 For it hath cow'd my better Part of Man:
 And be these jugling Fiends no more believ'd,
 That palter with us in a double Sense;
 That keep the Word of Promise to our Ear,
 And break it to our Hope. I'll not fight with thee.

Macd. Then yeild thee, Coward,
 And live to be the Shew, and gaze o'th' Time. We

We'll have thee, as our rarer Monsters are,
Painted upon a Pole, and under-writ,
" Here may you see the Tyrant.

Macb. I'll not yield
To kiss the Ground before young *Malcolm's* Feet,
And to be baited by the Rabbles Curse.
Though *Birnam* Wood be come to *Dunfinane*,
And thou oppos'd, being of no Woman born :
Yet I will try the last. Before my Body,
I throw my wariike Shield. Lay on *Mackduff*,
And damn'd be he, that first cries hold, enough.
[*Exeunt fighting, Alarums*

S C E N E VIII.

Retreat and Flourish. Enter with Drum and Colours, Malcolm, Seyward, Roffe, Thanes, and Soldiers.

Mal. I would the Friends we miss were safe arriv'd.

Seyw. Some must go off : And yet by these I see,
So great a Day as this is cheaply bought.

Mal. *Mackduff* is missing, and your noble Son.

Roffe. Your Son, my Lord, has paid a Soldier's
(Debt ;

He only liv'd but till'd he was a Man,
The which no sooner had his Prow'ss confirm'd,
In the unshrinking Station where he fought,
But like a Man he dy'd.

Seyw. Then is he dead ?

Roffe. Ay, and brought off the Field : Your Cause
of Sorrow

Must not be measur'd by his Worth, for then
It hath no End.

Seyw. Had he his Hurts before ?

Roffe. Ay, on the Front.

Seyw. Why then, God's Soldier be he !

Had I as many Sons as I have Hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer Death :
And so his Knell is knoll'd.

Mal. He's worth more Sorrow,
And that I'll spend for him.

Seyw. He's worth no more ;

They say he parted well, and paid his Score,
So God be with him. Here comes newer Comfort.

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Enter Macduff with Macbeth's Head.

Macd. Hail, King! for so thou art. Behold, where stands

Th' Usurper's cursed Head; the 'Time is free :
I see thee compast with thy Kingdom's Peers,
That speak my Salutation in their Minds :
Whose Voices I desire aloud with mine.
Hail King of *Scotland!*

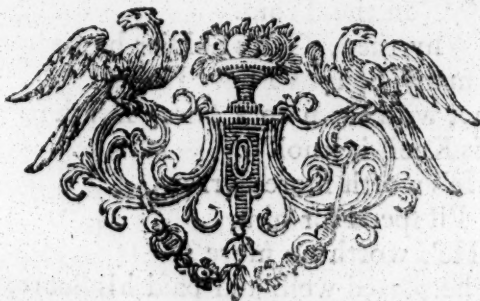
All. Hail King of *Scotland!* [*Flourish.*

Mal. We shall not spend a large Expende of Time,
Before we reckon with your sev'ral loves,
And make us even with you. *Thanes* and Kinsmen
Henceforth be Earls, the first that ever *Scotland*
In such an Honour nam'd. What's more to do
Which would be planted newly with the 'Time,
As calling home our exil'd Friends abroad
That fled the Snares of watchful Tyranny,
Producing forth the cruel Ministers
Of this dead Butcher, and his Fiend-like Queen ;
(Who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent Hands
'Took off her Life ;) this, and what needful else
That calls upon us, by the Grace of † Heaven,
We will perform in Measure, Time and Place :
So thanks to all at once, and to each one,
Whom we invite to see us crown'd at *Scone.*

[*Flourish. Exeunt omnes.*

† grace.

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The Following is the Music as perform'd
in the Tragedy of MACBETH.

MUSIC in the Second ACT.

Set by Mr. LEVERIDGE.

Enter several Witches.

1st. Witch. **S**PEAK, Sister---is the Deed done?

2d. **S** Long ago, long ago ;
Above twelve Glasses since have run ;

3d. Ill Deeds are seldom flow,
Or single, but following Crimes on former wait,

4th. The worst of Creatures fastest propagate.

Many more Murders must this one ensue ;

Dread Horrors still abound,

And ev'ry Place surround,

As if in Death were found

Propagation too.

2d. He must!

3d. He shall!

1st. He will spill much more Blood,
And become worse to make his Title good ;

Cho. He will, he will spill much more Blood,
And become worse, to make his Title good.

1st. Now let's dance.

2d. Agreed.

3d. Agreed.

4th. Agreed.

All. Agreed.

Cho. We should rejoice when good Kings bleed.

When Cattle die about, about we go ;

When Lightning, and dread Thunder,

Rend stubborn Rocks in sunder,

And fill the World with Wonder,

What should we do?

Cho.

Cho. Rejoice ——— we shou'd rejoice.
When Winds and Waves are warring,
Earthquakes the Mountains tareing,
And Monarchs die desparing,
What shou'd we do? ———

Cho. Rejoice ——— we should rejoice.

I.

1st. Lets have a Dance upon the Heath,
We gain more Life by *Duncan's* Death,

2^d. Sometimes like brinded Cats we shew,
Having no Musick but our Mew,
To which we dance in some old Mill,
Upon the Hopper, Stone or Wheel;
To some old Saw or bardish Rhime,

Cho. Where still the Mill-clack does keep time.

II.

Sometimes about a hollow Tree,
Around, around, around dance we;
Thither the chirping Crickets come,
And Beetles sing in drowsy Hum:
Sometimes we dance o'er Ferns or Furs,
To Howls of Wolves, or Barks of Curs,
Or if with none of these we meet,

Cho. We dance to th' Echoes of our Feet.

Cho. At the Night Ravens dismal Voice,
When others tremble we rejoice,
And nimble, nimble dance we still,
To th' Echoes from a hollow Hill. [*Exeunt*]

MUSIC

Cho.

MUSIC in the Third ACT.

Enter Hecate, &c.

Spirits in the Clouds call.

Spi. Hecate, Hecate,-----come away

Hec. Hark, hark, I'm call'd
My little merry airy Spirit see,
Sits in a foggy Cloud and waits for me.

Spi. Hecate, Hecate,
Thy chirping Voice I hear,
So pleasing to my Ear,
At which I Post away,
With all the Speed I may,

Where's *Puckle*?

Spi. Here.

Hec. Where's *Stradling*?

Spi. Here,

And *Hopper* too, and *Hellway* too.

We want but you, we want but you.

3 Voc. Come away, come away, make up th'account.

Verf. With new fall'n due,
From Church-yard Yew,
I will but noint and then I'll mount.

Now I'm furnished for my Flight
Symphony whilst *Hecate* places in the Machine.

Now I go, and now I fly,
Malkin my sweet Spirit and I,
O what a dainty Pleasure's this,
To sail in the Air

When the Moon shines fair,
To sing, to dance, to toy and kifs.
Over Woods, high Rocks, and Mountains;
Over Hills and misty Fountains;
Over Steeples, Tow'rs and Turrets,

We fly by Night 'mongst troops of Spirits

Cho. We fly by night 'mongst troops of Spirits

[Exit.

ACT

A C T *the Fourth.*

Music at the Cauldron.

Enter Hecate, and all the Witches.

- 1st. Black Spirits and white,
2^d. -----Red Spirits and gray
2 *Voices.* Mingle, mingle, mingle you that mingle
3^d. Tiffin, Tiffin [may
Keep it stiffin.
4th. Fire drake Pucky
Make it lucky.
5th. Liard Robin
You must bob in.

Cho. Round, around, around, around about,
All Ill come running in, all Good keep out.

1st. Here's the blood of a Batt.

Hec. O, put in that.

2^d. Here's Lizards Brain.

Hec. Put in a Grain

3^d. Here's juice of Toad,

4th. -----Here's oyl of Adder,

Which will make the Charm grow madder

Hec. To add to these and raise a pois'nous Stench

Here---heres three Ounces; of a red haired

[Wench

Cho. Round, around, around, around about,
All Ill come running in, all Good keep out.

F I N I S.

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madder
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